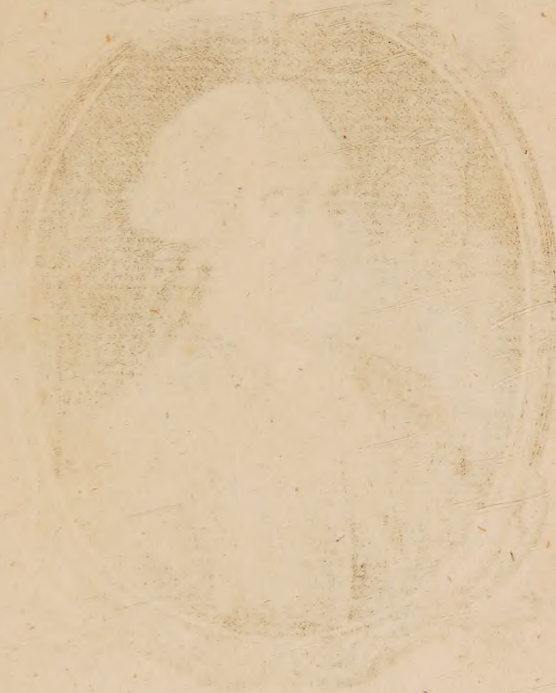
Leland H. Carlson



JOHN WILKES ESQ.R

# THE NORTH BRITON,

XLVI. Numbers complete.

By JOHN WILKES, Esq. C. CHURCHILL, AND OTHERS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH USEFUL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,

AND A

COLLECTION OF ALL THE PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

AND

COURTS OF WESTMINSTER,

AGAINST

Mr. WILKES.

WITH ALL THE

TRACTS AND PAPERS

Relating to the

NORTH BRITON,

ESSAY ON WOMAN,

ELECTION FOR

MIDDLESEX, &c.

The Whole forming a more Complete Collection than has hitherto been published.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

LONDON:
PRINTED IN THE YEAR M.DCC.LXXII.

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# TO
# THE PEOPLE
# OF
# ENGLAND.

THE following Papers were written at a Period, when ſome of the moſt arbitrary Proceedings againſt the Liberties of this Country, were adopted, and for ſome time ſupported, by the venal Tools of Adminiſtration. The Authors of the North Briton, however, unawed by the Frowns of Power, and actuated by the noble Principles of univerſal Benevolence, made the Intereſts of their Country, their only Care; and ſacrificed their own particular Eaſe and

Happineſs

Happineſs to the more general Concerns of the Public, and the Peace and Proſperity of Mankind.

Their Intent was to give a true Idea of our valuable Conſtitution; to revive in the Minds of the People its genuine Spirit; to ſhew the fatal effects of *Favouritiſm*; to guard againſt the enormous Power of the *Crown*, and to expoſe the wicked Tranſactions of its *corrupt Miniſters*.

At a Time, when not only from the *Degeneracy* of *Parliaments*; but from the monſtrous Increaſe of the *Prerogative*, the Freedom of the Inhabitants of theſe Kingdoms is brought almoſt to the Brink of Deſtruction; it is apprehended, the Republication of theſe ſpirited Papers, as a kind of WARNING VOICE to the People, will appear with peculiar Propriety; eſpecially, as this Collection is much more Complete than any ever before printed, and contains many valuable Original Pieces that would have been for ever loſt to the World by their firſt Mode of Publication. Indeed, it gives us no little Concern to obſerve, that

that we have too much Occaſion to uſe every Effort to awaken our lukewarm Fellow-Citizens, out of the political Lethargy, in which they are now involved from the Spirit of Luxury and Profuſion, which prevails over moſt Ranks of People: For when once the major Part of the Individuals is vitiated, there is no Miſchief, however remote it may ſeem to lie from us, that is not actually at the Door; and the Change from Liberty to Slavery, from Plenty, to general Diſtreſs, is often ſo precipitate in Countries thus corrupted, that the ſame Men, who have enjoyed the Benefits of the pureſt Conſtitution at the Commencement of their Exiſtence, have lived, not only to ſee the Introduction, but to groan under the Burden of the moſt ſevere Tyranny.

Alarmed at the fatal Concurrence of the above Circumſtances, the Editors, addreſs theſe Volumes to the Conſideration of their Countrymen; entreating them to remember, that as they have had the happineſs of living under, (what was once ſaid to be) the beſt Conſtitution in the World, they ſhould reſolve to preſerve it untainted and inviolate.

inviolate. And as it has been delivered down to them at the Expence of infinite Toil, Danger, and Bloodſhed, by the Vigilance, Courage, and uncorrupt Integrity of their Forefathers for many Ages; they certainly ought to uſe their utmoſt Endeavours to tranſmit it in the ſame Manner to their Poſterity.

*June* 1, 1772.

THE

# NORTH BRITON.

## Numb. I. Saturday, June 5, 1762.

SEJANUS, WOLSEY, hurt not honeſt FLEURY,
But well may put ſome STATESMEN in a fury. POPE.

THE *liberty of the preſs* is the birth-right of a BRITON, and is juſtly eſteemed the ſtrongeſt bulwark of the liberties of this country. It has been the terror of all bad miniſters; for their dark and dangerous deſigns, or their weakneſs, inability, and duplicity, have thus been detected and ſhewn to the public, generally in too ſtrong and juſt colours for them long to bear up againſt the odium of mankind. Can we then be ſurprized that ſo various and infinite arts have been employed, at one time entirely to ſet aſide, at another to take off the force, and blunt the edge, of this moſt ſacred weapon, given for the defence of truth and liberty? A wicked and corrupt adminiſtration muſt natu-

rally dread this appeal to the world; and will be for keeping all the means of information equally from the prince, parliament, and people. Every method will then be tried, and all arts put in practice, to check the ſpirit of knowledge and enquiry. Even the courts of juſtice have in the moſt dangerous way, becauſe under the ſanction of law, been drawn in to ſecond the dark views of an arbitrary miniſtry, and to ſtifle in the birth all infant virtue. From this motive, *in former times*, the King's-bench has inflicted the moſt grievous puniſhments of fine, pillory, or impriſonment, *or perhaps all three*, on ſome who have ſtood forth the champions of their country, and whoſe writings have been the honour of their age and nation.

Under the government of a STUART, which has been ſo fatal to ENGLAND, the moſt daring encroachments have been made on the favourite liberties of the people, and the freedom of the preſs has been openly violated. Even a *Licenſer* of the preſs has been appointed. Nothing but the vileſt miniſterial traſh, and falſhoods fabricated by a wicked party, had then the ſanction of this tool of power; nor of conſequence could any production, breathing the ſpirit of liberty, have a chance of being uſhered to light. The *imprimatur* of the miniſter was ſcarcely ever given, but to compoſitions equally diſgraceful to letters

letters and humanity. I do not however recollect that any of these hirelings have ventured, as the BRITON of last Saturday has done, magnificently to display the *royal arms* at the head of their papers. Does this author mean to *intimidate?* Or is it to insinuate that this new paper comes forth, like the GAZETTE, *by authority*, and that he is fighting under the ministerial banner? All opposition therefore to him, according to this idea, is to be considered as an indignity offered to the administration, and an affront to the higher powers, who may be supposed to protect, perhaps to pay him. This is surely too stale a trick now to pass. I rather think the *royal arms* are prostituted by a mercenary scribbler, as much as the *royal name* was in a certain great assembly, when *minute guns were fired* over the late minister *.

This BRITON steps forth, like the other court champion DYMOCKE, to a dreadful fight without an adversary; to receive, like him, I suppose, the reward of a well-fought day. Safe, and of consequence bold, as DYMOCKE, he has no enemy but himself to combat. No attack has been made on the crown; none but himself



* This alludes to the *rapid* eloquence of the *Scottish* minister, who, as *Donne* says, *Between each word he gives, gives a full minute*, and by attention to words, endeavours to make amends for want of sense.

has *dared to aim any fire-arrows at the bosom of a sovereign that never knew disgrace.* He, and only He, has mentioned a resemblance between the reigning prince and *Tiberius*, which I believe has never occurred to any one else. To him belongs the ignominy of having *broached this calumny with his hand, to which his heart must have given the lie.* The MONITOR has indeed charged the cannon, but the BRITON has pointed it against his sovereign. He pretends to have discovered the source of his calumny in the MONITOR of Saturday May the 22d. I have read that MONITOR very carefully, and I affirm that there is no mention of TIBERIUS through the whole of that paper, excepting in the motto from TACITUS, nor is any such character drawn. Count BRUHL's indeed is, and by the hand of a master. He is compared, but by the motto only, to SEJANUS. The comparison need not extend farther. A minister may in all points resemble SEJANUS, or Count BRUHL, and yet his royal master need not be a TIBERIUS, or AUGUSTUS III. The sovereign may be a TRAJAN, or a TITUS, the delight of mankind; and his only fault, in his people's eyes, may be an unbounded confidence in an insolent, weak, and treacherous minister.

This

This fooliſh BRITON *proceeds to produce himſelf amidſt the parade of pompous profeſſions*, and vile alliterations. He calls upon the MONITOR *to produce one inſtance of inſolence, cruelty, profligacy, or oppreſſion, chargeable on the King of Great Britain; or to exhibit one ſpecimen of his weakneſs and tyranny.* Theſe are things which never occurred to any man's mind, becauſe they never exiſted. Something like this has happened under every King ſince the conqueſt, to every profligate miniſter who wants to involve his maſter with him. The valiant DYMOCKE, like this writer, has in all ages founded forth,

*If any perſon, of what degree ſoever,*
*high or low, ſhall deny or gainſay*, &c.

and then the champion throws down his gauntlet, which I never heard of any perſon's being fool-hardy enough to take up. But is not this a clever plot to hang the poor MONITOR, or at leaſt to get him into the cruel hands of a revengeful and unforgiving crew? Let me beg of you, Mr. MONITOR, do, commit treaſon: pray be taken up by CARRINGTON, and tried by MANSFIELD: his regard to the liberty of the ſubject is known, and his tender mercies will not be cruelty. I truſt the MONITOR has more wit, and that he has not *loſt ſight of all regard to his own ſafety*; but will proceed in the way he has hitherto walked, and continue

to administer wholesome satire wherever it is merited, instead of that nauseous and fulsome panegyric, with which the BRITON makes us sick.. The BRITON next calls upon him to discover *one circumstance even*; then insults him with *he cannot*, *he* DARE NOT, *descend to particulars*, *which would answer his purpose*, *but restrains himself to a general charge*. Now I will maintain that no charge at all has been brought by the MONITOR against his sovereign; and that the most gross satire has come from the venal pen of this wretched BRITON, who throughout his paper has himself *first* insinuated the vilest falsehood, *a similitude between the characters of* TIBERIUS *and his own sovereign*.

The BRITON says, that "in any court of "judicature a general charge, unsupported by "evidence, is answered and refuted by a ge-"neral negation." *His* affertions are every where much more general than the MONITOR's; nor does he ever dare to descend to particulars. *He* affirms, *the administration is conducted with such integrity as defies reproach*. The King of Prussia, still our ally, tells the world the contrary. *He* proceeds to say, *with such vigour and success as, one would think, might silence the most inveterate malice:* name what *success*, the time when, the place where. Sure you dare not allude to the unfair and *underhand* offers to the

court

court of Vienna for an immediate accommodation in conſequence of ceſſions to be made to them in Italy, *or elſewhere*, becauſe it is now known thoſe offers have been treated with the contempt they deſerved. As to *vigour*, the ſpirit of the war has for ſome months infamouſly languiſhed, nor is it yet revived. I own indeed that *the whole kingdom echoes with the ſound of triumph and feſtivity*, but it is from the glorious conqueſts of the late adminiſtration, to which no addition whatever has been made by the preſent. Where are their trophies? In what part of the world have they gathered their laurels? Surely, in defiance of decency and juſtice, they have not endeavoured with their rude hands to tear from any ſacred brow thoſe fairly won, in order to place them on their own.

This author only gives himſelf out for a *Briton*. I have heard of a paper called a *Free* Briton; why has he dropt the title of *Free?* I am ſure it never could be more properly applied, according to that famous verſe,

*—Nunquam libertas gratior exſtat*
*Quam ſub rege pio.—*

But it is not for *freedom* that this writer chooſes to draw his grey gooſe-quill. As little pretenſions has he to the title of *True* Briton. Conſcious of this, he only gives himſelf out as a *Briton*; a circumſtance equally common to

him and *Buck-horſe*. I wiſh the BRITON had given us any clue to unravel what his real views, beſides pay or a penſion, could be. He only declares his deſign to be to detect the *falſehood of malice*: mine ſhall be to detect the *malice of falſehood*----of his in particular; and he ſhall find that I will exert the undoubted privilege of every NORTH BRITON, that of ſpeaking my opinion freely on every ſubject that concerns the community, of which I am a member. Though I am a NORTH BRITON, I will endeavour to write *plain Engliſh*, and to avoid the numerous *Scotticiſms* the BRITON abounds with; and then, as the world is apt to miſtake, he may be taken for a *Scotſman*, and I ſhall paſs for an *Engliſhman*.

What I have to ſay of myſelf, ſhall ſoon be diſpatched. I thank my ſtars, I am a *North Briton*; with this almoſt ſingular circumſtance belonging to me, that I am *unplaced and unpenſioned*: but I hope this reproach will ſoon be wiped away, and that I ſhall no longer be pointed at by my ſneering countrymen.

I ſhall now, till next Saturday, take leave of this writer with an excellent obſervation which I lately read in Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE:

"Thus much is certain, that whatever means "will reſtore or raiſe the credit of his Ma- "jeſty's government at home, will do it abroad too;

" too; for a king of England, at the head of " his parliament and people, and in their hearts " and intereſt," (as our ſovereign now is, and from his virtues ever muſt be,) " can never fail " of making what figure he pleaſes in the " world, nor of being ſafe and eaſy at home; " and may deſpiſe all the deſigns of factious " men, who can only make themſelves conſi- " dered by ſeeming to be in the intereſt of the " nation, when the court ſeems to be out of " it. But, in running on counſels contrary to " the general humour and ſpirit of the people, " the king indeed may make his *miniſters great* " *ſubjects*, but they can never make him a *great* " *prince* *".

## Numb. II. Saturday, June 12, 1762.

Malè ſe res habet, cùm, quod VIRTUTE effici debet, id tentatur PECUNIA.

Things are in a bad way, when money is employed to bring about what ſhould be effected by virtue. CICERO.

I Cannot conceal the joy I feel as a *North Briton*, and I heartily congratulate my dear countrymen on our having at length accompliſhed

* The firſt *Briton* was publiſhed May 29, 1762. The *North Briton* began on the Saturday following.

pliſhed the great, long ſought, and univerſally national object of all our wiſhes, the planting a *Scotſman* at the head of the *Engliſh* Treaſury. I was indeed before very well pleaſed with the conduct of the * two other gentlemen at that board, who are likewiſe natives of our country; but then they were obliged to ſerve under a noble † Duke of a peculiar caſt, whoſe views were moſt evidently neither to enrich himſelf, nor to aggrandize us. My joy and exultation are now complete, for I have lived to ſee my countryman, the Earl of BUTE, adorned with the moſt noble order of the *Garter*, (which hath been given to *us* with ſo ſparing a hand, and only for the moſt brilliant national ſervices) and preſiding over the finances of this kingdom. This is the poſt which the prime miniſter hath generally kept for himſelf, and is of the firſt importance in this country It muſt ever be ſo in times of war, and above all in this wide-extended but glorious war, when nearly the ſum of twenty millions will be this year raiſed on the ſubject; though, I thank heaven, but a *fortieth* part of it will be paid by us. This, I muſt confeſs, is matter of ſtill greater triumph to me; for the poor pittance we pay to the ſupport of the public, does not give us

* Gilbert Elliot, and James Oſwald, Eſquires.

† Duke of Newcaſtle.

us even the moſt diſtant claim to the diſpoſition of the whole, much leſs to the direction of the moſt important department of the ſtate, our ſhare of the legiſlature being much to our advantage ſettled at about a *thirteenth*, not a *fortieth*. It is clearly then merit, ſuperior to all the *Engliſh* nobility, which has raiſed the Earl of BUTE to the firſt dignities, and to the power of diſpoſing of ſo great public treaſure.

Another circumſtance muſt make this event peculiarly grateful to us. The Earl of BUTE has no *hereditary* right to a ſeat in parliament, nor is he elected by the free voice of the people: no; he is choſen by the *opulent* and *independent* nobility of Scotland; and when the commons have ſuch various marks of favour and affection ſhewn to them, it muſt be a ſatisfaction to ſo many *free* and *loyal* nobles to ſee the object of their choice thus honoured, truſted, and rewarded for all his public toils and *private ſervices*. Our *ancient kingdom* therefore cannot but be ſatisfied, and by every tie of gratitude, as well as duty, muſt *now* be ſincerely attached to the government. The moſt ſuſpicious can have no doubts concerning us for the future, in caſe of a rebellion's ſpringing up in any other country; which, to me, ſeems *highly improbable*.

The wiſdom of this meaſure hath been decried by ſhallow politicians, becauſe two great rebellions

rebellions from *Scotland* have within a few years disturbed the tranquillity of this island, and shook the throne of two of the mildest and best sovereigns who ever governed a happy people. Nothing can be more weak or frivolous than this objection. Let us only consider what has before happened there; and I choose to instance in the latter end of Queen ANNE's reign, because so many of our modern writers are drawing our attention to that period. Upon what grounds they proceed I know not, for I find no similitude, as it is impossible we can now be suing for peace in the most *abject* and *humiliating* manner after such amazing successes. In May, 1712, each of the heads of the Highland clans received 360 *l. sterling*, *as a compleat year's payment of the bounty-money her Majesty was pleased to bestow upon them:* these were the words of the receipt. Soon after they signed an address to the Queen, which was carried to London by *Allan Cameron*, brother to *Lochiel*, and presented to her Majesty, *Allan* being introduced by the Lord Treasurer *Oxford*, who was then the head of the TORY faction. In the address are these words: "Happy! if after "your Majesty's late demise, to put a period "to our intestine divisions, the hereditary right "and parliamentary sanction could possibly meet "in the person of a *lineal* successor." At the accession

acceſſion of the preſent illuſtrious family, the ſame Highland chiefs wrote a letter to the Earl of MAR, *intreating him to aſſure the government in their names, and in that of the reſt of the clans, of their loyalty to his ſacred Majeſty King* GEORGE; *and that as they were always ready to follow his directions in ſerving Queen* ANNE, *ſo they will now be equally forward to concur with his Lordſhip in faithfully ſerving King* GEORGE. The Earl of MAR too had wrote the warmeſt letter of loyalty to his Majeſty's great grandfather, and had taken the oaths of allegiance and abjuration; yet in a few months, even before there could be the pretence of a ſingle grievance, all theſe infamous wretches went into open rebellion. Had the 360*l.* a year bounty-money been continued to them, and had the Earl of MAR remained ſecretary of ſtate for Scotland, as he was at the death of Queen ANNE, ſome millions, which it coſt to extinguiſh that rebellion, had probably been ſaved to this country. I therefore moſt ſincerely hope, that as we have now a *Scottiſh* nobleman at the head of the treaſury, his Lordſhip will conſider it as the trueſt *œconomy* to give ſome proper penſions to his countrymen the Highland chiefs, which may ſave England the ſevere and expenſive operation of quelling another inſurrection, and bleeding again a country, which, I lament, is

ſo

ſo much exhauſted by former rebellions, and the preſent general deſertion of her ſons and daughters. If this is done, I make no doubt but they will as implicitly follow the Earl of BUTE as they did the Earl of MAR. I never ſhall be brought to believe, that *rebellion* is natural to any part of *Scotland*, as the plague is ſaid to be to Egypt; but certainly in ſome parts this wicked ſpirit has been kept up with much art; and the late moſt unnatural rebellion was carefully nurſed by Scotſmen, till it became the moſt accurſed fiend we ever ſaw, which all the united plagues of Egypt could never equal. I cannot but ſay, the peculiar baſeneſs and perfidy of my countymen at that time ſtruck me; for while the *Engliſh* were ſo gallantly fighting for the liberties of Europe, and indeed of mankind, they were called back to deal out halters and gibbets to their fellow ſubjects of *Scotland*, who were forging chains for both nations; and, worſe than the infamous Cappadocians of old, not only refuſed the liberty they might enjoy themſelves, but endeavoured to entail *their* vaſſalage and ſlavery on the whole iſland.

To quit ſo diſagreeable a ſubject: while I am taking the liberty of pointing out to the noble Lord, now at the head of the Treaſury, the proper method of beſtowing a part of the public treaſure, I by no means intend to limit his

his bounties to my own countrymen. His Lordſhip has been overflowing in goodneſs to ſeveral of the Engliſh, and beſides the *Scots* I have already named, I would beg to recommend the patriots at the *Cocoa-tree*, if there are any left, who are ſtill unprovided for by him. The juſt and *conſtitutional* claim they have on *this* royal family is uncontrovertible. I am glad it is at length admitted, and their merit rewarded. Moſt of their eſtates have ſuffered by their zeal in the cauſe of liberty. Their ſupport of government has been ſteady and uniform; and as they at firſt exerted themſelves in the expulſion of *Tarquin*, they have never repented it, nor have they ever been caught in any plots for his reſtoration. I really think this will make a more natural union with the countrymen of the new Miniſter than any other he can find here, and the illuſtrious houſe of Hanover will derive the trueſt ſtrength from theſe *old* and *firm* friends.

I hope to be forgiven, if I add one hint to his Lordſhip, who is new in money buſineſs. Whatever is of the greateſt convenience or uſe ought to be firſt attended to. I think therefore the firſt money iſſued by his Lordſhip ſhould be the four thouſand pounds very lately given for building a new bridge over the *Tweed*. I truſt it will be finiſhed this ſummer, as my family are very impatient to pay me a viſit, and I have not

not ſeen any of them ſince I took a walk up hither. Beſides, this grant is of ſo new a nature, that it ought particularly to be conſidered. Weſtminſter bridge was chiefly built by lotteries, and the city of London gave up very great tolls in conſideration of the ſums granted to them for the repairing their bridge. The four thouſand pounds for this bridge over the *Tweed* are taken out of the ſupplies of the year. Though this is ſo new a thing, much more than a ſufficient and adequate compenſation will be made the Public by the number of my countrymen, who are haſtening here with all their *wealth* and *manufactures*.

I am happy to find, that the *Engliſh* are not ſo ſparing and penurious to us, both of money and praiſe, as they uſed to be. We are certainly growing into faſhion. The moſt rude of our bards are admired; and I know ſome choice wits here, who have thrown aſide *Shakeſpeare* and taken up *Fingal*, charmed with the variety of character, and richneſs of imagery. Mr. Horace Walpole, in that deep book, called *Royal and Noble Authors*, ſays, we are *the moſt accompliſhed nation in Europe*; *the nation to which, if any one country is endowed with a ſuperior partition of ſenſe*, (and he ought to have added of *humour* and *taſte*, in both which we excel) *I ſhould be inclined to give the preference in that particular.*

*particular*. How faithful is this masterly pen of Mr. *Walpole!* How unlike the odious, sharp, and strong incision pen of *Swift!* He has called us only *a poor, fierce, northern* people, and has asserted, *that the pensions and employments possessed by the natives of Scotland in England amounted to more than the whole body of their nobility ever spent at home; and that all the money they raised upon the Public was hardly sufficient to defray their civil and military lists.* This was at the latter end of Queen Anne's reign. How very different is the case now! I beg to recommend Mr. Walpole too, for so very particular a compliment, (which I hope flowed from his *heart*, still more than from his *head)* and I entreat his Lordship to put him on the list, immediately after my countrymen, and the Cocoa.

There are only two other persons I have to recommend to his Lordship. I must say a word of the poor BRITON: he deserves something—I will not name what—for sacrificing, at the shrine of BUTE, grammar, conscience, and common sense, for his Lordship's *glorification:* I will borrow only one word from the BRITON. Do not I too deserve something for reading every week the flimsy productions of so weak a head?

## Numb. III. Saturday, June 19, 1762.

Nos patriam fugimus.

We all get out of our country as faſt as we can. VIRG.

I HAVE already received a variety of letters from my correſpondents. I muſt confeſs, that they are for the moſt part written in as peeviſh and angry a ſtile as the BRITON; and, after his manner, many foul and opprobious epithets are beſtowed on me. Some brand me with the name of a Trimmer, and charge me with having taken up the Pen only to be paid for laying it down again. Others aſſert, that I ſtand, like moſt of the *High* and *Mighty* GERMAN PRINCES, ready to let out both my *Pen* and my *Conſcience* to the beſt bidder. Some of my own countrymen, with much bitterneſs, call me a *falſe Scot*; while on the other hand the Engliſh with much bitterneſs call me a *true Scot*. I am upbraided with having ſaid, that *Scotland is exhauſted by former rebellions, and the preſent general deſertion of her ſons and daughters:* the aſſertion is, alas! too true; and the fact too glaring to be denied. Like the Jews, we are ſpread over the face of every country, (except *our own*) and of this in particular. I

regret

regret it exceedingly, and the more, as I am afraid the evil is without a remedy; for I have never heard of any one of my countrymen being attacked with the *patrialgia*, the *maladie du Suiſſe*, (the *home-ach*, as it has been happily called) and in conſequence languiſhing till he returned to *Scotland*. This is an old reproach on us; perhaps as antient as our kingdom itſelf. The Engliſh have never ceaſed to upbraid us with it. Their great poet Dryden (ſo confeſſedly ſuperior to all the moderns, except Mr. John Home) in his Abſalom and Achitophel, ſays,

For never *Hebronite*, tho' *kick'd* and *ſcorn'd*,
To his own country willingly return'd.

*Hebron*, in the key, is *Scotland*. Whence can this peculiarity ariſe? Does not the *natale ſolum* inſpire the ſame pleaſing ſentiments, though not *longings*, to us, as to the reſt of mankind? All other nations ſpeak of this ſenſation in the higheſt ſtrains of rapture. I believe the true and fair reaſon is this: though our civil and military liſts are filled by ourſelves, and we have ſo carefully excluded almoſt every Engliſhman, and other foreigners, yet, as they are by no means adequate to all our neceſſities, a very conſiderable number of my countrymen are always ſent out (like the Goths and Vandals of old) to fill the civil and military poſts in other

nations. How ſucceſsful we have been in the purſuit, not only in this kingdom, but in France too, our *eternal* ally, is viſible to all the world. I have an idea of publiſhing the names of my countrymen, who with ſo much honour have filled ſo many conſiderable poſts at Paris, Rome, Avignon, St. Germains, &c. As to thoſe here a publication of that kind would be unneceſſary, as it would be tranſcribing almoſt the whole *red book*, which is already in every body's hands.

If the obſervation be true, that the riches of every country conſiſt in the number of its inhabitants, (not the proud and idle, but the induſtrious inhabitants) how poor, alas! are we even in this reſpect? An expedient however might perhaps be found, which would bid fair to re-people my dear country. The experiment might indeed go rather too far, but it was the advice given to a former king, who ſuffered greatly for neglecting it, by a ſingular, diſintereſted *Scotchman* and *Churchman*, Archbiſhop SPOTSWOOD. When his Grace went to take leave of King CHARLES the Firſt, who was ſetting out for *Scotland* in 1639, he adviſed his Majeſty *to make a catalogue of all his counſellors, houſhold-officers, and domeſtic ſervants, and then with his pen expunge all the Scots, beginning firſt with himſelf, the Archbiſhop, who had given the counſel; conceiving that no man would accuſe his*

*Majeſty*

*Majesty of partiality, when he found the Archbishop of St. Andrews, who so many years had served his father and himself, expunged among the rest; that he must not hope to win upon the Scots by condescensions, sweetnesses, or acts of grace, &c. The reason of which counsel was, because he had found, by sixty years experience, that they were generally a people so stubborn, that they were gained by punishments, and lost by favours.* Archdeacon Eachard's History, 2d vol. folio, p. 151, 152.

I have some little business this week to settle with the BRITON. I desired him to name any instance of *vigour* and *success*, which had attended the present administration; and he tells me of the important conquest of Martinique, Granada, and the neutral islands in the West Indies. He might have mentioned Louisbourg, or Pondicherry, with as much propriety; and the present administration are surely rather too knowing (though this writer is ignorant) to lay any serious claim to the merit of either. Could the BRITON read men, and had he seen his patron, when the news of the reduction of Martinique first arrived, he must have marked, in the most dejected and distressed countenance I ever beheld, very clear proofs how unwelcome that event then was. I remember it was a general observation, that the common congratulations on so great and national an occasion were re-

ceived with coldneſs. It was not difficult to find the reaſon. The late miniſter cloſed all his glories with this great and important ſucceſs. He had the happineſs of covering with laurels a beloved prince, whom, I ſuſpect, many falſe friends would rather ſee covered with a crown of thorns and *thiſtles*. Notwithſtanding all the calumnies of the BRITON, this gentleman's honour is ſtill unſullied, and his glory unclouded. *Ea autem eſt gloria, laus rectè factorum, magnorumque in Rempublicam meritorum: quæ cum* OPTIMI CUJUSQUE, *tum etiam* MULTITUDINIS *teſtimonio comprobatur.*

With regard to the preſent expedition, the full merit of it cannot yet be aſcertained to the public. Mr. PITT's legacy to this miniſtry, of a collected and powerful maſs of force in the Weſt Indies, *(not the bitter dregs of an exhauſted cup**, but part of a ſolid plan for greater ſucceſs) now remaining at their diſpoſal in conſequence of the reduction of Martinique, may cauſe the new expedition to be adequate in force to the important object. If therefore the conquerors of that iſland have not, in conſequence of *delay*, the ſeaſon to combat with, (the only enemy they cannot vanquiſh) a deciſive blow may ſtill be ſtruck to the heart of Spain, and a glorious concluſion made to this moſt ſucceſsful war.

In

* This was the phraſe of Mr. *George Grenville.*

In the mean time, let every true lover of his country ceaſe to adopt that *unmanly deſpair*, which has been ſo induſtriouſly inculcated in order to juſtify the procuring an accommodation *on any terms*. That *deſpair* counteracts the purpoſe, and ſerves only, by encouraging the enemy, to place the bleſſings of peace at a ſtill greater diſtance.

The BRITON, in his firſt paper, broached a ſhameful calumny againſt his ſovereign, of a ſimilitude to *Tiberius*. In that of laſt Saturday, he attacks the memory of our late moſt excellent prince with equal virulence. He talks of his *prejudices* and *predilections*, and calls him a *weak ſovereign*. Is this the return which a Briton makes for an unclouded æra of above thirty years of the trueſt liberty this nation ever enjoyed? Are the ſacred aſhes of a king, who made the laws of his country the only rule of his government, and founded his own happineſs in that of his people, thus to be trampled upon? Surely this is the height of baſeneſs and ingratitude; but it is the deſpicable, though faſhionable cant of a party, who are daily making their court to an illiberal patron by the moſt indecent outrages offered to their late ſovereign and benefactor: a liberty, not to ſay licentiouſneſs, very unfit to recommend thoſe who are guilty of it to the favour of a prince, one of

whoſe amiable qualities is a filial regard to the memory of his predeceſſor.

The BRITON ſays, "that the MONITOR "has found a co-adjutant, who appears under "the name of NORTH BRITON, though he "ſhrewdly ſuſpects, however, that theſe ſeem-"ingly diſtinct perſonages are one and the "ſame individual." His ſuſpicions are neither *ſhrewd* nor *true*; and I can aſſure him, that both the MONITOR and NORTH BRITON (for there is a *duality* belonging to us) have laughed heartily at the BRITON's total ignorance of ſtile as well as politics. From what I have *read* of the BRITON, I do not deſire to *converſe* with him; but I wiſh to know more of the MONITOR.

The BRITON tells me that the *King's Arms* make the ſign of his publiſher. I believe this is the only inſtance of veracity in his whole paper: ſtill my objection recurs. It is indifferent to me where elſe the *royal arms* may be diſplayed; but it is equally *indecent* and *inſolent* to blazon them forth with ſuch pomp at the head of a political paper: *indecent* with reſpect to the crown, *inſolent* with reſpect to the ſubject. Had any other *arms* been there, I had made no objection; no, not if the BUTE *arms* had been at the head of the paper, as they might with the ſtricteſt propriety; provided however

however that they were not above the *royal arms*.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas a certain great perſonage, who was lately inoculated for a *reigning* diſorder, had very near miſcarried through the unſkilfulneſs of the *operator*: this is to inform the Public, that there is lately arrived from the *Highlands* one DUN SCOTUS, who can prove, from the *beſt Scottiſh hiſtorians*, that the malady hath continued in his family, without intermiſſion, above *twelve thouſand years*. He communicates the diſorder with a ſingle touch, and is to be met with between the hours of Ten and One, at the ſign of the *Highlander*, *in Scotland-yard*, near the Treaſury.

N. B. *No infection, no pay.*

Any perſon who can make out an *hereditary* right to the diſorder, though the entail hath ſince been cut off through his abſence from his own country, ſhall be touched *gratis*.

The utmoſt honour and ſecrecy may be depended on, the operator being a man of *quality* in his own country, and poſſeſſing an *eaſy* and *independent* fortune of forty Shillings per Annum.

## Numb. IV. Saturday, June 26, 1762.

Θαυμαζειν μοι επεισιν οπως Βυτος εστι σοφιστης,
Μητε λογον κοινον, μητε λογισμον εχων.

*It is ſurprizing to me how Bute can be a politician; a man, that has neither wiſdom nor common ſenſe.*
Anthologia. Ed. Brodæi, fol. Franc. 1600, l. 2. p. 250.

## TO THE NORTH BRITON.

*My dear Countryman,*

AT a time when the popular clamour is induſtriouſly raiſed, and the ſtrongeſt prejudices are conceived againſt us by the whole *Engliſh* nation, I am glad to find a man who dares ſtand forth to the Public, and glory in the name of a *North Briton*. I have not yet read your papers, but I will not doubt of their being founded on that great and governing principle of every *true Scotchman*, the good of the common cauſe, and the advancement of our national intereſt: a point which to a man we have all in view, and to obtain which there are no meaſures we have ever boggled at, no riſque we have ever ſcrupled to run.

The Engliſh (and loſers muſt have leave to ſpeak) may upbraid us, if they will, with our ſtrict

ſtrict regard and attachment to each other, and our thorough contempt of them, and all the reſt of the world. We confeſs the charge, and glory in it: nor ſhall we be eaſily perſuaded to diſſolve or relax that connection, whilſt the advantages ariſing from it are ſo many and great. To this *national ſpirit* we have been indebted for many material benefits in former reigns, and to the *ſame ſpirit* we in ſome meaſure owe our preſent greatneſs, and that viſible ſuperiority which we have happily gained over *divided*, *weak*, *diſpirited nobles*.

The EARL of BUTE (with triumph be it ſpoken) is now at the head of affairs, and there is nothing which we may not, which we ought not to hope for from the favour and patronage of our worthy *Countryman*. The *Union* indeed placed the preferments in *England* within our view, but the partiality of their ſtateſmen, and their utter deteſtation of *Jacobitiſm*, a crime regularly charged on us, prevented our obtaining them in ſuch proportion as our conſequence to the ſtate, and our *known loyalty* gave us reaſon to expect. Theſe obſtacles are now removed, our principles are no longer enquired into, the management of affairs is placed where every *Scotſman*, both for the glory of the nation and his own intereſt, would wiſh to have it; and the time is at length arrived, when the being

born

born in *Scotland* ſhall be found to be the beſt and moſt effectual recommendation to preferment in *England*. In this I ſpeak not only my own private opinion, but the ſenſe of our whole nation.

It is on this occaſion become faſhionable to aſk, what pretence can the *Scots* have, who bear no proportion in wealth and power to the Engliſh nation, who by no means bear an equal ſhare of the public expence, who reſerve to themſelves all their own places, to graſp at all places of the greateſt honour and profit in England, and to aim at getting every valuable employment into their own hands? Our anſwer to this is ready. We found our right to ſharing every thing in common with the Engliſh on the *Union*, and we juſtify our endeavouring to engroſs every thing to our own uſe, on the common principle of prudence, which teaches every man to do as well for himſelf as he can. Whatever inequality there might have been before the *Union* was compleated, it afterwards entirely ceaſed, and we were all upon a level. Our national weakneſs and poverty might perhaps have been well and properly argued to prevent that treaty from taking place; but after the concluſion of it they can never be given as reaſons for our not turning it as much as poſſible to our own advantage. The *Union* indeed was not of our ſeeking; we oppoſed it with our whole force,

for

for we conſidered it as contrary to the *dignity* and *intereſt* of our nation. Notwithſtanding the ſpecious pretences on which that treaty was grounded, and the ſeeming equity and impartiality with which it was planned and conducted, we could not perſuade ourſelves but the weaker nation would, in the common courſe of things, be ſwallowed up in the ſtronger, and our *moſt antient* kingdom by degrees become a province of England. Theſe were our apprehenſions, and on theſe we grounded our oppoſition. If time has proved our error, if things have taken quite a different turn; if through the great parts of our glorious countryman, and our own ſupple behaviour, diſſimulation, and temporizing, we have turned the *Union* to our own advantage; if we ſee ourſelves arrived at the height of our wiſhes, and conſider England as a country intended for our uſe and refreſhment, where we may revel at large, and ſcorn to aſk the lordly owners leave; if this is the caſe, the Engliſh muſt thank themſelves for it. They made the *Union*, and can have no right to complain of the conſequences of it; they laid theſe advantages open to us, and as we have had the addreſs to obtain, I truſt we ſhall have the reſolution to preſerve them.

If we turn our eyes to the year forty-ſix, and compare our ſituation then with what it is now, how

how happy a reverſe ſhall we find in our affairs! A great part of our nation was at that time in open rebellion againſt the *grandfather* of his *preſent Majeſty*. They threatened no leſs than the deſtruction of his *whole family*, and to place on the throne one of the ſame name and family with our preſent loyal patron. The principles of thoſe amongſt us, whom *fear* or *prudence* kept quiet, were ſtrongly ſuſpected; and the very name of a *Scot* was grown into hatred and contempt. How happy, as well as wonderful, is the change! for now, *without having given any proof of a change of ſentiments on our parts*, we find ourſelves careſſed, reſpected, and preferred! The Earl of BUTE, JOHN STUART, a name ever dear to us, whoſe abilities, we think, are no more to be doubted than his affection to us, poſſeſſes the firſt poſt in the ſtate; another * of our worthy countrymen, remarkable for his impartial and intripid adminiſtration of juſtice, holds a conſpicuous ſtation in the the law; and a third †, whoſe conduct and ſucceſs in *America* does honour to his country, and endears him even to the Engliſh, is to our great joy appointed to a command of the firſt importance in Portugal. Theſe are circumſtances which, although glorious in themſelves, yet ſeem to *promiſe* ſomething

* Lord *Mansfield*, Chief Juſtice of England.

† Earl of *Loudon*.

thing more, and to be the forerunners of that national grandeur to which we have always aſpired, though, till this juncture, there was little likelihood of our obtaining it.

In the proſecution of this grand deſign we muſt naturally expect to meet with difficulties. The jealouſy of the Engliſh will undoubtedly take the alarm, and endeavour to prevent our progreſs. But, alas! how weak and contemptible muſt that oppoſition be! *How ſhall they be able to reſiſt us, when they cannot agree among themſelves?* They may indeed vent their fury in words, and ſatisfy their anger with reproaches; they may tell us of our perpetual enmity to them before the *Union*, and our ſupercilious contempt of them ſince; they may charge us with repeated perfidies and rebellions, with hypocriſy and diſaffection; but we ſhall ſurely know our own intereſts better than to pay any regard to the frantic paſſion of loſing gameſters. This very ſtorm of words will in time ſubſide; their natural indolence will reſume its place; they will not only be contented, but even thankful to us for taking the trouble of ſtate affairs off their hands, and gratefully deem the profits and honours we receive inadequate to the fatigue we undergo.

In our diſputes with the Engliſh there hath always been one ſubject, our *poverty*, with which clamour

they have ſo *illiberally* and *falſely* reproached us. If truth and reaſon can be attended to amidſt clamour and prejudice, we might produce numberleſs inſtances how improperly we are charged in this reſpect. I ſhall only mention two. When Lord DARNLY was married to MARY, Queen of SCOTS, he applied to the *City of Edinburgh* for a loan, and we can make it appear by unqueſtionable authority, however incredible it may ſeem to our Engliſh readers, that the *City of Edenburgh* alone agreed to advance, and did actually raiſe for his uſe, even at that time, the entire ſum of *twenty pounds:* and at this day it is a known truth, that *the kingdom of* SCOTLAND *alone pays near half as much as the whole county of* YORK. If theſe inſtances are not thought ſufficient to remove the objection, we will at leaſt promiſe our good friends the Engliſh to remove it at their coſt; and we hope in a ſhort time to give them more reaſon to complain of our being rich, than ever they had to reproach us with our being poor.

One thing there is yet wanting to complete the happineſs of our preſent ſituation, that the money which our countrymen receive in *England* may be expended in *Scotland*. This indeed is in ſome meaſure, but not fully, anſwered by the ſtrict caution they uſe to deal with none but *Scots*. The only means I can think of to bring this

this to bear would be (if that is not flattering ourſelves too much) the reſidence of our moſt gracious ſovereign amongſt us, if not entirely, at leaſt by way of refreſhment, for the winter months. I know but one objection to this, which is, that the laſt King but one, who committed himſelf to our care, we ſold, though our countryman, into the hands of his rebel ſubjects; but in the preſent humour of the times this objection might not occur, or might be obviated: for the ſame conſideration of intereſt, which then made us falſe, would now make us true.

If you think this feaſible, and likely to take place ſoon, I will ſtay here contented in expectation of ſo deſirable an event; if not, I deſire you will procure me a ſum ſufficient to bring myſelf and family to town in ſuch a way as may not diſcredit our cauſe. I ſhall depend upon you likewiſe to prepare ſuch accommodations as may be proper, and ſome little ſnug place for the preſent, till a better can be had. As to titles, that is a matter which requires ſome conſideration, they being of late years grown ſo cheap, that I do not know whether it will be for my credit to accept of any. I am,

MY dear NORTH BRITON,

Your loving Countryman.

Numb. V. Saturday, July 3, 1762.

Dabitur mora parvula, dum res,
Nota urbi et populo, contingat PRINCIPIS aures,
Dedecus ILLE domus sciet ultimus.

A day or two of anxious life you gain,
Till loud reports through all the town have pass'd,
And reach'd the prince. JUVENAL.

## TO THE NORTH BRITON.

SIR,

THE fatal consequences which must necessarily arise from a prince's resigning himself to the absolute direction of a *favourite*, were strongly described in the MONITORS of the 22d of May and the 12th of June, and fully illustrated in the Kings of France and Poland, who have lately fallen victims to a confidence misplaced in an enterprising minister by the latter, and in an intriguing mistress by the former. The intent of those papers was undoubtedly patriotic, and, like a mirror, they may serve to exhibit to future princes the unhappy effects of placing implicit trust in any one *favourite*, in contempt of the salutary advice of such faithful subjects,

ſubjects, as have in days of difficulty proved themſelves friends to their country, and ſteadily attached to *their* Royal Family.

Inſtances of this kind may produce very proper effects in the minds of thoſe who are not ſo ſelf-ſufficient as to believe, that in ſimilar ſituations their abilities would enable them to convert thoſe very incidents, which have been the ruin of others, into ſolid foundations, on which they could erect a ſuperſtructure of happineſs for themſelves.

Examples however of *ſucceſsful virtue* prove generally ſtronger incentives to glorious actions. It may therefore perhaps be more expedient, inſtead of painting the miſeries which a country muſt be involved in, if governed by an inſolent *favourite*, to ſhew the peculiar felicity of a prince and people reſcued from the tyrannous ſlavery of a *court minion*, exemplified in the deliverance of this country by the noble and manly conduct of EDWARD the THIRD. The reign of his Father and predeceſſor, EDWARD the SECOND, is diſtinguiſhed in hiſtory as the reign of *favourites*: to his unbounded affection for them, may be aſcribed the various misfortunes that afflicted this country at that time; and by thoſe attachments, the affections of the OLD Nobility were ſo alienated from him, that he became in-

volved in disputes which terminated with the loss of his crown and life.

The deposing of this prince was not productive of all that happiness, which the nation was taught to expect from it. The people, it is true, saw themselves delivered from the troubles which had disturbed the late reign; but they were not freed from the fears of falling into a more dreadful situation. They knew what the government of a weak and imprudent King could do, but they were unexperienced as to the effects of a minority under the direction of a *Mother*, actuated by strong passions, and influenced by an insolent minister.——By the laws of the realm it was necessary that a Regency, consisting of twelve of the nobility, should be appointed for the government of the state; but though the form of this was complied with, and the *Earl of Lancaster*, a near relation to the King, was nominated President, yet *Mortimer*, afterwards Earl of March, was, through the ascendancy he had obtained over the *Queen Mother*, in fact the sole Regent. At his pleasure the great officers of state were appointed, or removed; he assumed the authority of the King, and solely possessed his ear: the King's uncles, the president of the regency, and the whole of the nobility, were not suffered to approach their sovereign, unless their opinions

nions coincided with *Mortimer's*; and in their intercourſe, only permitted in this manner, care was taken to have his Majeſty ſo ſurrounded by ſpies, that the miniſter could not fail to receive information of every meaſure intended to injure him in the opinion of the King. Thus educated under the guidance of his *Mother*, thus ſecured by the cuſtody of *Mortimer*, he was eaſily perſuaded to believe that *Mortimer* was a faithful *friend* and a conſummate miniſter. *Mortimer*, now in the zenith of his power, ſoon gave proofs of the weakneſs of his head, and the wickedneſs of his heart; for *Robert Bruce*, King of *Scotland*, taking advantage of the minority of the King, and the want of ſtability in his councils, ſent a powerful army to invade *England*. EDWARD oppoſed them in perſon; but the inferiority of the Scottiſh army was ſo great, that they declined an engagement, and fled before the arms of EDWARD, laying waſte the country in their retreat: at length EDWARD came up with them at Stanhope-park; but they, during his making the neceſſary diſpoſitions for an attack, and under the cover of a dark night, ſilently decamped, and before EDWARD was informed of their flight, had got to ſuch a diſtance, that it was impoſſible for his army to overtake them. This eſcape was generally imputed to *Mortimer*, and

the conſequences of it confirmed the ſuſpicion: for inſtead of EDWARD's purſuing the Scots into their own country at the head of a formidable army, and compelling them to accept of ſuch terms as he might think fit to grant them, a ſhameful *peace* was concluded for him by the influence of *Mortimer*; ſuch a *peace* as, hiſtorians ſay, was profitable to the *Queen Mother* and *Mortimer*, but inconſiſtent with the honour of the King, and the profit of the realm and people.

" Being therefore ſo great in authority and " poſſeſſions, he now drew after him more at- " tendants than the King himſelf; nay, he " was ſo ſottiſhly blinded by falſe ambition, " that he would expect his lord and maſter " to riſe firſt to him, and, if offered, would " permit it. Nor would he in the leaſt ſcruple " to walk faſt by the King as his fellow, nay, " ſometimes walk on in ſtate before him as his " lord, looking back, and more than fa- " miliarly laughing upon his ſovereign." This is Joſhua Barnes's Account, Hiſtory of Edward the Third, printed at Cambridge, 1688; folio. Dedicated to King James the Second; licenſed by authority, p. 46. When we ſurvey *Mortimer*, thus eſtabliſhed in the plenitude of power, filling all the offices of ſtate with his creatures, baniſhing the relations and friends

of

of the young King from court, and ſuffering none to approach him, but ſuch as were continually employed in trumpeting the praiſe of *Mortimer* and the uprightneſs of his adminiſtration, it would have been impoſſible for us to account for the ſudden revolution that followed, had not the hiſtorians left us a clue to lead us through this labyrinth; for they ſcruple not to affirm, that as *Mortimer* was indebted for the enormity of his power to a criminal correſpondence with the *Queen Mother*, ſo to honeſt inſinuations of this given to the King muſt be aſcribed his amazing downfal. And although *Barnes* ſeems to diſcredit the report, by ſaying, "Surely whoever conſiders the inequality "of the *Queen's* age with that of *Mortimer's*, "ſhe being little more than thirty,, and he at "leaſt more than fifty, will rather believe, "that by his ſubtle and crafty inſinuations he "made himſelf neceſſary to the Queen's coun-"cils, than that his perſon could ever render "him acceptable to her bed; ſhe herſelf be-"ing accounted one of the moſt delicate ladies "of that age: whereas he was not only a mar-"ried man, but a father of eleven children."

Barnes's Hiſtory, p. 54.—Yet *Rapin* makes no doubt of the truth of this aſſertion, and "ſays, "The article of his impeachment con-"cerning his commerce with the *Queen* is a

" clear evidence how much the whole king-
" dom was offended at their familiarity. If it
" had not been notorious, there is no likelihood
" that the parliament would have wounded that
" princeſs's honour ſo deeply, which could not
" but reflect on the king her ſon. They who
" have endeavoured to vindicate her, by the
" little probability that a princeſs of ſo high a
" rank ſhould ſo far forget herſelf, did not con-
" ſider, that a few years before the three
" daughters-in-law of *Philip the Fair* were as
" regardleſs of their reputations, by the confeſ-
" ſions of all the hiſtorians." Rapin's Hiſtory, tranſlated by Tindal, 8vo. 3d vol. p. 241. Printed at London.

Leaving this fact however unaſcertained by the hiſtorians, it is clear that at length ſome inſinuations were thrown out before the king, concerning the immenſity of *Mortimer's* power and mal-adminiſtration: theſe engaged EDWARD to examine into affairs, and he was made to obſerve, that the earl of March affected to outſhine his ſovereign by a magnificence too ſplendid for any ſubject; that he diſpoſed of all the great offices of the kingdom to his creatures; that he was abſolute maſter of the fate of the *Engliſh*, advancing or diſplacing them in proportion as they were calculated to ſerve the baſe purpoſes of his own intereſt, without regard to

that

that of his country; that the ſhameful peace conclude with the Scots was of his making; that by his private orders, Edward the Second was murdered; that by his ſecret practices the Earl of Kent, the king's uncle, loſt his life; that it appeared very probable that the queen and her miniſter had formed the deſign of ſecuring in their hands the royal authority, *by keeping him always a minor*; and laſtly, that his influence over the queen aroſe from a correſpondence with her diſhonourable to his Majeſty, as it was affirmed ſhe had lately been impregnate by him.——This is Barnes's account, p. 47.

Theſe informations coinciding with the ſuſpicions of EDWARD, he, with a reſolution and judgment unequaled in hiſtory, in perſon ſeized *Mortimer* in the preſence of the *Queen Mother*, and ſent him to the Tower; then called a Parliament, told them, "That though not yet ar-"rived at the age preſcribed by law, yet, with the conſent of his ſubjects, he deſigned for "the future holding the reins of government "in his own hands." To this the Parliament chearfully aſſented, the members being equally ready to ſecond his deſigns; and as a proof of it, *Mortimer* wat condemned to be executed at Tyburn; which was done without ſhewing him any favour.—Theſe are the plain facts, as related by the beſt Engliſh hiſtorians.

Thus

Thus did EDWARD wipe off the blemiſhes which had ſullied his minority; thus, taking the reins of government into his own hands, did he give a happy preſage of the glory and proſperity of his future reign, the brighteſt perhaps in the annals of England. O may Britain never ſee ſuch a day again! when power acquired by profligacy may lord it over this realm; when the feeble pretenſions of a *court minion* may require the proſtitution of royalty for their ſupport; or if, which heaven avert! ſuch a day ſhould come, may a Prince truly jealous of the honour of his Houſe, and armed with the intrepidity of EDWARD THE THIRD, cruſh the aſpiring wretch who mounts to power by ſuch ignoble means.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant.

## Numb. VI. Saturday, July 10, 1762.

Utinam Reſpublica ſtetiſſet, quo erat, ſtatu, nec in homines non tam COMMUTANDARUM, quàm EVERTENDARUM cupidos incipiſſet.

I could wiſh the commonwealth to have been in its former ſituation, rather than to have fallen among men not ſo much deſirous of its change as its total deſtruction.

CICERO.

I NOW ſit down to endeavour not only to quiet the minds of my countrymen under their preſent fear of impending evils, but to give them the beſt grounded hopes of the halcyon days which are to ſucceed, and to crown all our fondeſt wiſhes, from this auſpicious æra *incipient magni procedere menſes*. No month nor ſcarcely day, but ſhall be marked with white, and graced with ſome acts of bounty and favour to my countrymen, either openly here, or ſecretly in the *Engliſh* colonies, and in the late numerous conqueſts. I think indeed, that the more glaring marks of honour, profit, or confidence, ſhould, in good policy, be at preſent withheld from us, or very ſparingly given, for they are too invidious; but it is ſurely right to proceed in dealing out to us, and to us alone, all

all thoſe eſſential benefits and *good things* which are ſo various in all parts, and are held almoſt unknown, and conſequently unenvied.

I find that it is abſolutely neceſſary more fully to explain myſelf, becauſe many of my friends are exceedingly alarmed from the fear of our ſtanding alone in the preſent political fray, and are continually lamenting, that almoſt all thoſe who were eſteemed good, great, or amiable among the *Engliſh*, have either refuſed to ſerve under our *Chief* or have given open proofs of their diſſatisfaction with a *Scottiſh* adminiſtration, and of their reſolution ſoon to leave us *North Britons* to ourſelves. The great danger many apprehend from this does not ſtrike me. I rather think ſuch an event would be advantageous to us. We ſhould then attain the completion of all our views, the intire poſſeſſion of the revenues of this whole country, and ſhould be ſaved the trouble of making a general ſweep of our rivals, the Engliſh, which our friends ſtrenuouſly adviſe us to do. This advice is far from being new, or unprecedented. The *Tories* at the latter end of Queen Anne's reign were believed to have failed from this very omiſſion, the not removing all of the *Whig* leaven from the employments they poſſeſſed. Our ſervices would even then be inadequately rewarded, if it is conſidered how long we have been kept under

der by *Engliſh* and *Whiggiſh* adminiſtrations, which have ever declared they never could truſt us.

We have beſides a ſuperior claim of merit to the Engliſh. Our countryman the BRITON has enumerated the many conqueſts the *Scots* have made, and the many victories they have gained, *at Cape Breton, Ticonderoga, Fort Du Queſne, and Quebec, in Guadalupe, and Martinique, before the walls of Pondicherry, and in the plains of Weſtphalia, &c &c.* with little aſſiſtance from the Engliſh. I believe he has omitted but two of our late glories, the victories of *Preſton-Pans* and *Falkirk*, gained, I own, without the leaſt aſſiſtance from the *Engliſh:* who, undoubtedly from a principle of envy, cannot bear the mention of either, but are for ever rejoicing over *Culloden*, as a victory of truer national importance than even *Hockſtet*. How many inſolent ſongs of triumph have they made for that ſingle victory of *Culloden!* With what noble ſtrains of rapture has that whole nation celebrated their ſecond great deliverer, as they call him, the *Duke of Cumberland!* But ſurely *our* bards have at leaſt equalled theirs, though in a different ſtrain. How pathetic have been *our* lamentations! How has *our* admired elegy of *Mourn, hapleſs Caledonia! mourn*, echoed from hill to hill! With what tearful eyes is

it

it ſtill ſung by every true *Scot!* In what moving ſtrains did our bards celebrate their dear country's *ſons lying ſlaughtered on the ground*, on that fatal day! fatal I mean to ſuch numbers of my friends and countrymen.

Beſides this general claim of merit, we deſire to put in another, the ſtrongeſt poſſible, ariſing from the merit of our great patron. What amazing proofs has he given the world of the moſt conſummate abilities, and the trueſt wiſdom! I do not mean that ſiniſter and crooked wiſdom, called *cunning*, which alone, our enemies ſay, we poſſeſs to any great degree; but I ſpeak of that great and comprehenſive knowledge, which takes in the general plan of the whole, and yet is able to adapt itſelf to all the parts. Has he not a great, *and indeed*, *national*, ſyſtem? None but Engliſhmen can ſuppoſe he has not, and they muſt injuriouſly and enviouſly pretend, that he has been found to fluctuate daily from a total want of all preciſion of ideas, and knowledge of the connection of things.

Let us however examine the fact, and then we ſhall ſee if our fears of being left to ourſelves are well grounded or not. The *Duke of Newcaſtle*, it is ſaid (whoſe ſignal ſervices to the houſe of *Hanover* are almoſt ſufficient to outweigh all the demerits and traiterous attempts

tempts of the many noble families, whose letters to the PRETENDER makes almost the whole volume of *Colonel Hooke's negotiations*) has quitted the service of that illustrious family. We are all now crouding to support Mr. PITT, whose administration heaven blessed with such distinguished success, has likewise retired. Mr. LEGGE, who is so confessedly superior, I believe unrivalled, in the important knowledge of the finances of this kingdom, and of its late powerful rival, is at present only a most amiable private gentleman, happy in his family, and in the circle of his select friends, who now enjoy, free from interruption, an inexhaustible fund of refined sense and classical wit. There are likewise some others, in whom the nation has the justest confidence, who are preparing to take their flight from us.

But can it be said, that all the *English* ministers either have, or intend to leave us? Is not the virtuous Mr. Fox, the darling of the people, still very high in office, and in one of the most lucrative employments the government has to bestow? Does he not privately assist our *Chief* with the most *salutary* counsels? Has he not proposed the most *healing* measures? We know that he is ready publicly to stand forth our champion, and that he has most explicitly offered us some time ago *to speak, or not to speak*,

in

in the ſenate. Can *this* part of that great man's conduct be deemed equivocal? It has indeed hitherto been thought adviſeable for him to remain ſilent, and for ſome few years his lips have been locked in adamantine ſilence, *from a full conviction of the rectitude of the public meaſures.* His regard to *us* however we have the ſtrongeſt reaſon to believe, and we are ſecure (unleſs indeed a new change happens) of his effectual ſupport of *us*, againſt all his own countrymen, with his amazing powers of eloquence. What then may we not expect from the violence and impetuoſity of ſuch a torrent, which, like a ſtream from our Highlands, after having ſtopt for ſome years, on a ſudden burſts forth again—but I hope not to ruin the country. I am ſure this gentleman will never concur in, much leſs adviſe, any meaſures but ſuch as ſhall appear *ſoothing* and *conciliating*. His tenderneſs for the Conſtitution, and his affection for the Houſe of Commons in particular, have been fully experienced; nor will he ever *deſire to have the whip in his hands, to laſh into obedience the refractory members* *. The people of England too will be made happy with the idea of power being lodged in his hands; and we *North Britons* ſhall

* This expreſſion, and the former, *to ſpeak, or not to ſpeak*, were the particular phraſes uſed by Mr. *Fox*, in a private treaty, or rather bargain, for miniſterial power.

ſhall ſee with joy and gratitude his unwearied endeavours to perfect the noble plan of liberty delivered down to us from our Scottiſh anceſtors. The happieſt conſequences will in every way be derived to the Public; and I hope ſoon to hear of the recovery of *Minorca*, which, as I remember, was moſt ignominiouſly, though I believe not treacherouſly, loſt, when he was Secretary of State.

There is likewiſe another gentleman, whom by the moſt amiable arts, which would do us honour, were they known to the world, we have entirely ſecured, and detached from his friends (and di boni! what friends?) and family, to whom he has ſuch infinite obligations: but *omnes omnium caritates patria* noſtra *una complexa eſt.* This is not in itſelf a wonderful acquiſition; but I conſider it as the firſt-fruits of our labours among the great families of the Engliſh nobility; and I hope ſoon to ſee among them many other glorious effects (both in public and private) of our fixed maxim, *divide et impera.* This gentleman has already ſpurned at all obligations, and has broke through whatever would have engaged every other man, for he has ſacrificed every ſocial and friendly tie to cement the union with us. His intenſe zeal (a ſymptom frequent among apoſtates and renegadoes) has been demonſtrated

on many late occaſions; and in a great aſſembly, if he has failed to perſuade, he has never failed to weary out the adverſary, and to ſink him into a deadly laſſitude, perhaps a lethargy. How moſt fervently have all parties concurred in wiſhing him in a certain chair! We have the more obligations to this gentleman for taking the Seals, becauſe he is not the child of *ambition*, nor is his great ſoul tainted with ſordid *avarice* †: that is only the vice of reptile and groveling minds. Though he has left the naval department, he has not, I truſt, left behind him all attention to that moſt important buſineſs. I hope he will think of ſome other regulations to prevent the late almoſt incredible deſertion of ſeamen from the royal navy, which his new regulations (ſo applauded by Boſcawen and our other great ſea officers, and ſo grateful to all our commanders) were intended to prevent. When the public is favoured with the next pleaſing print of this gentleman, I hope the artiſt will have reaſon to adorn the other hand with *An act to prevent deſertion from the royal navy*, which, till it is accompliſhed, I ſhall believe the other boaſted *Act for the encouragement of the ſeamen, &c.* is of as much uſe in the print as any where elſe.

The

† It is reported, that in a great aſſembly, he ſaid, *I am not the child of ambition, nor of avarice*, &c.

Theſe are the two illuſtrious perſonages, on the part of *England*, who ſupport our *Scottiſh Chief*. How nobly conſpicuous in both is the amiable frankneſs and openneſs of heart of the *Engliſh* nation! I only name theſe two, for the fidelity of others to *us* is dubious and ſuſpected. Some have already begun to calumniate *our* patron, and even talk of retaliating our own arts on us.

I will only add, how greatly muſt this iſland, and above all our *dear country*, now figure to the whole continent! The moſt real union among all the parts of government, and the whole body of the Engliſh nation, no leſs joined with us in *hearts* than in *intereſts*, riſing up, like one man, to ſupport the new *Scottiſh* pillar of the ſtate! What ſatisfaction has the *Czar* expreſſed in our *firm* and *united* councils! What unbounded confidence has the *King of Pruſſia* in this new *North Britiſh* adminiſtration! and with what unfeigned rapture will *France* receive the news, that there is no longer a firſt miniſter in this iſland from their *ancient enemy* England; but from their firm and unſhaken ally, SCOTLAND!

## Numb. VII. Saturday, July 17, 1762.

Quod optanti divum promittere, nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies en attulit ultro.

Revolving time has accomplished that for you, for which you might have prayed eternally in vain.

## TO THE NORTH BRITON.

*My dear Countryman,*

SUFFER me to intermingle tears of joy with you on our present happy situation; and to heighten your satisfaction, give me leave to exhibit to you a glimpse of futurity. The English (Mr. *Horace Walpole* only excepted) pretend to an equal *partition of good sense* with us; but there is one most noble intellectual gift they have never pretended to share with us. We have monopolized it from them and from all the world unenvied. It is a particular mark of the favour of heaven, as all our divines say, to the chosen *Scots*. I mean the gift of *second sight*, which, though laughed at by every sensible man of every other nation, we all believe to be really possessed in an eminent degree by many of our countrymen,

and

and to be found among us in the higheſt perfection, where there are no traces of common ſenſe, nor the firſt principles of any ſcience. By this happy gift I have approximated many objects in the *camera obſcura* of futurity, and I truſt you with the moſt pleaſing view. Whether you will chooſe to make the whole diſcovery, or any part of it, public, I ſhall ſubmit to your diſcretion, concluding, with repeated congratulations.

Your's,

B. MAC STUART.

## THE FUTURE CHRONICLE: OR THE NOVA SCOTIA INTELLIGENCER.

YESTERDAY morning the two new-raiſed regiments of Highland guards were reviewed in Hyde Park by his grace the duke of *Inverneſs*, who was pleaſed to ſay, "They "kenn'd their buſineſs right weel, and went "through their exerciſe very connily."

We hear that the Earl of *Loudon* will have the command of the forces deſtined againſt

*Louiſburg*. His Lordſhip is deſcended from the great Earl of *Loudon*, who, by gallant atchievements in that quarter of the globe, acquired the ſurname of *Americanus*.---It is ſaid that his lordſhip will certainly appoint Capt. *Abercrombie* one of his aids du camp.

Laſt night the Marquis of *Kirkudbright* arrived at *Holyrood*, late *Buckingham* houſe, from his government of *Ireland*, where his prudent and frugal adminiſtration has gained him the hearts of all ranks of people. His excellency was attended to the water-ſide by the lord mayor and aldermen of Dublin, with pipers before them, playing the tune of Highland laddy, in compliment to his excellency, with which (if we may judge from the various contortions of his features and writhings of his ſhoulders) his excellency was highly delighted.

Several diſorderly perſons were yeſterday taken into cuſtody, being charged with drinking the glorious memory of King *William*, confuſion to the *Stuarts*, and divers other treaſonable toaſts.

The managers of both theatres have received orders to lay aſide the cuſtom of repreſenting the tragedy of *Tamerlane* on King *William's* birth-day, and inſtead thereof to entertain the publ[illegible] on that occaſion with Home's *Douglas* and the *Gentle Shepherd*.

Great

Great rejoicings have been made by all loyal ſubjects on hearing that the heirs of the illuſtrious houſes of *Kilmarnock* and *Balmerino* were reſtored to the honours of their anceſtors.

Lord *Lovat*, being appointed lord high commiſſioner, is preparing to ſet out for Edinburgh, to preſide at the general aſſembly of the kirk of Scotland.

Yeſterday the Duke of *Inverary*, *Lord High Admiral of England*, gave a grand entertainment at Portſmouth, on occaſion of putting into commiſſion the two men of war of eighty guns each. They were named the *Falkirk* and *Preſton Pans*. The *Cumberland* and *Culloden* were ordered to be laid up.

Strict orders are iſſued forth to prohibit the uſe of calves or cods heads from the 29th to the 31ſt of January, both inclusive.

At the laſt ſeſſions held at the Old Bailey, *John Hampden* and *William Orange* were tried and convicted on the Whig act before Lord Chief Juſtice *Womanſmeadow*, who, after a very learned and elegant oration in favour of the liberties of the preſs and people, ſentenced both the delinquents to the puniſhment due to their demerits.

Laſt night, to the unſpeakable loſs of the public, died the moſt high, moſt puiſſant, and moſt noble Prince, John Duke of Peebles,

knight of the moſt noble order of the garter, &c. &c. &c. &c. His grace had for many years preſided at the board of treaſury with equal ability and integrity. He was ſo ſevere in collecting the public revenue, that the window tax of the ISLE of BUTE, in one year, produced the clear ſum of *thirteen ſhillings and ſix-pence*. To him we are indebted for the improvement of our knowledge, the refinement of our taſte, and the elegance of our manners. Such was his grace's early affection for this country, that even in the infancy of his adminiſtration he prevailed on numbers of his accompliſhed countrymen to leave their native land, and dedicate their talents to the emolument of England: many of them he even perſuaded to accept of places at court, by which means the language became poliſhed to the higheſt degree of *Caledonian* purity. To enumerate his grace's virtues would require the pen of a Macpherſon, or a Lauder; however we have the pleaſure to aſſure the public, that a beautiful elegy on the melancholy occaſion is promiſed, as ſoon as the paroxyſm of grief ſhall have ſubſided, by the ingenious gentleman who chuſes to diſtinguiſh himſelf by the title of the BRITON.

Some time ſince died Mr. John Bull, a very worthy, plain, honeſt old gentleman, of Saxon deſcent.

deſcent. He was choaked by inadvertently ſwallowing a *thiſtle*, which he had placed by the way of ornament on the top of his ſallad. For many years before he had enjoyed a remarkable good ſtate of health.

Worthy Engliſhmen!

Heaven and earth call upon you with one voice to reinſtate me in your favour. While you placed your confidence in me, I was the defender of your liberties, and am deſirous of diſcharging that glorious duty to the end of time. To my auſpicious ſchemes you owe the illuſtrious houſe of Hanover, equally famed for mildneſs and valour; to my reſolution and conduct you owe the expulſion of a family equally infamous for tyranny and cowardice. Vindicate your honour 'ere it be too late, and beware of cheriſhing vipers in your boſoms.

WHIG REVOLUTION,
Born anno 1688, confirmed 1715,
married April 16, 1746.

This Day is publiſhed, a new Edition,
Adorned with an elegant Head of that glorious Monarch,
The Works of King JAMES the Firſt,
Of learned, pious, and peaceful Memory.
To which is now added, His Art of *Hocus Pocus*.
From an original MS.
Lately dug out of the Ruins of Sterling Caſtle.
*Semper honos nomenque tuum laudeſque manebunt.* VIRG.
Printed for A. Macdonald, at the Dunciad, in Scotland-Yard.

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Propoſals for printing by Subſcription,
BOWER TRIUMPHANT:
OR,
SCOTTISH INNOCENCE VINDICATED.
An ESSAY, by William Lauder.
*Nequicquam* patrias *tentaſti lubricus artes.* VIRG.
With a Preface by Lord LITTLEWIT,
And a *full Length* of his Lordſhip; done from an original Caricatura of Nature.
Printed at Glaſgow, and ſold by all the Scots Bookſellers.

To-morrow

To-morrow will be publiſhed,

# O THE ROAST BEEF!

OR,

# THE CASE IS ALTERED.

A PROSE POEM, in the modern Taſte.

By LAZARUS MAC BAREBONES,

Of *Scotſtarvit*, Eſq;

Peace and Plenty tell a Stuart reigns. POPE.

Dr. TICKLEWRIST thinks it is more his duty than his intereſt to acquaint the public that his Titallatory Elixir is a ſovereign remedy for the preſent epidemical diſtemper. It is ſafe, cheap, and pleaſant in its operation, and never fails to give immediate eaſe in the moſt violent paroxyſms. Nay, the Doctor may with truth affirm, that moſt of his patients have found the medicine ſo extremely agreeable, that they wiſh for a continuance of the diſorder merely to have the pleaſure of uſing it; for to perſons unafflicted it is totally inſipid. The Doctor may be ſpoken with at the Crown and Thiſtle in Little Britain. He alſo teaches, on very moderate terms, to play upon the fiddle.

Mr.

Mr. MAC PHERSON's fifteenth Courſe of Lectures on Oratory began yeſternight, and will be continued *timeouſly* every evening, the Sabbath only excepted. Select paſſages out of *Allan Ramſey* and other celebrated writers, will be read for the better illuſtration of the precepts. At the concluſion of the courſe, Mr. Mac Pherſon purpoſes a general exercitation of all his pupils, as formerly; but as many of them have on foregoing occaſions, through want of a proper command of voice, run into diſcordant notes, to the great annoyance of the delicate ears of the North Britiſh nobility, who have attended to mark the progreſs of the young gentlemen, it is expected that for the future they will ſubmit to have their voices properly pitched by the drone of a bag-pipe. The Profeſſor, if required, wears gloves.

LONDON: Printed for BLUESTRING MAC STUART, at the Star and Garter, in the Minories.

# Numb. VIII. Saturday, July 24, 1762.

PLACUISSE NOCET.

To obtain favour, he does miſchief.

WHEN we conſider how faſhionable the word *favourite* is grown, how common in every mouth, what a remarkable ſtreſs is laid upon it, and with what marks of diſcontent it is generally accompanied, we are naturally induced to think that there is at preſent ſome one perſon, ſignified under the name of *favourite*, who is raiſed to an extraordinary degree of power and credit, without any title to that preference from ſuperior integrity and abilities, and from whoſe influence the rights and liberties of the people ſeem to be in danger. This idle notion is greatly ſtrengthened by the weekly retailers of politics. The MONITOR talks of Count BRUHL, and the BRITON, with his uſual honeſty and penetration, ſeems willing to acquire a property in that paper, by bringing it home to the preſent times, and drawing ſuch compariſons as no man of ſenſe could, and no true BRITON ought to draw. The AUDITOR, with that caution which always implies a conſcioufneſs

ſciouſneſs of guilt, deals out his laboured notions of *favouritiſm*, wantonly aſperſes the moſt amiable characters, and exalts the moſt deſpicable, but with ſuch peculiar ſymptoms, with ſuch ſtrong marks of falſhood, and ſuch plain fear of detection, that his praiſes and his cenſures equally ſpeak a heart arguing againſt his own conviction. The NORTH BRITON, following the example of his brethren, gave the public an account *from hiſtory, and chiefly in the words of hiſtory*, of ROGER MORTIMER, who in the reign of EDWARD the Third was the notorious favourite and ſuppoſed minion of the Queen Mother; and the BRITON, in his excellent obſervations on that paper, calls it, with a clearneſs of expreſſion peculiar to himſelf, AN ATALANTIS. If I do not underſtand that word properly, I ſhould be glad that my worthy friend the BRITON would ſet me right; but if I do underſtand it properly, I ſhould be much obliged to him if he will ſhew me with what propriety it is applied to that paper.

It is ſomething ſtrange how this ſubject of *favourites* could at this time inſinuate itſelf into common converſation, and demand the conſideration of the public. I will venture to ſay, and undertake to prove, that ſince the glorious, ſucceſsful, and upright adminiſtration under which MINORCA fell into the hands of the FRENCH,

FRENCH, there hath not appeared in a public capacity any one man on whom the name of *favourite*, in the odious acceptation of the word, can poſſibly be fixed. Had we ſeen a man, during that time, raiſed to the higheſt honours and moſt important place, without any merit to juſtify his *glorification*, without any one recommendation but the blind affection of his Sovereign; had we found him ſolely attached to his own intereſts, taking advantage of the confidence repoſed in him by his maſter, in order to abuſe that ſacred truſt, tampering with his pliant diſpoſition, making himſelf neceſſary to his foibles and paſſions, ſeparating the intereſts of king and ſubject, adviſing ſuch meaſures as muſt naturally eſtrange the affections of his people, and drawing him into trifling amuſements, merely to take off his attention from things of conſequence, ſo that the management and diſpoſition of places might remain entirely in himſelf and his creatures, *ſuch a man* would be the firſt who ought to be branded with the name of *favourite*; a name always attended with odium, and oftentimes with danger. The NORTH BRITON ought publicly to ſtand forth againſt ſuch a man, and endeavour to point againſt him the reſentment of a people equally jealous of the honour of their Sovereign and their own. On the contrary, when we ſee men,

men, actuated with a real regard for their country, acting on the beſt of principles, uniting, what indeed ought never to be ſeparated, the good of the prince and the people, and purſuing the moſt noble ends by thoſe means which ſeem moſt likely to produce them; when we ſee ſuch men honoured with the confidence of their Sovereign, poſſeſſed of the firſt offices of ſtate, holding the reins of government, and *guiding* our moſt important affairs, we congratulate ourſelves on having ſuch miniſters, we deteſt thoſe incendiaries who would repreſent them to us in the diſagreeable light of *favourites*, and are happy in acknowledging, that the eſteem which a Sovereign entertains for ſuch miniſters is real judgment, and the rewards he beſtows on them is juſtice, and not favour. Cheap as we hold the ENGLISH in politics, we cannot ſuppoſe them ſo far gone in abſurdity, as to brand any man with a name which hath ever carried along with it an idea of deteſtation, merely becauſe he ſtands high in the eſteem of his prince. We muſt in juſtice ſuppoſe that they conſider him as unworthy of that eſteem, as a diſgrace to the perſon who countenances, and a load to the country who ſuffers him, and that their reſentments are founded, and the name of favourite affixed to him, on theſe conſiderations. If this be the real caſe, (and no Engliſhman for his own

own credit will venture to contradict it) I shall then shew the impropriety of the present bustle about *favourites*, by instancing particularly in the three great men on whom prejudice, envy, or interest have fixed this name, and proving that, as a term of reproach, it cannot be applicable to either of them.

The DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, whose integrity was never yet called in question, whose heart was justified even by his enemies under a long and sometimes unsuccessful administration, can never be charged with this odious appellation. His services to the present royal family ran before his reward, and his strict attachment to his sovereign, his known and steady loyalty, his uniform and unshaken zeal, justly intitled him to those marks of preference which he afterwards received, and which can never be deemed the wanton vouchsafements of royal favour, but must be regarded, by every impartial considerer, as the just reward of his deserts, as the noble retributions of a grateful and generous prince to a subject truly affectionate and disinterested; disinterested in so eminent a degree, that to his enemies it is matter of triumph, though to his friends it shall never be the cause of shame. As his services before he had any share in the administration of affairs gave him a just claim to the places which he

afterwards held, ſo his behaviour whilſt he continued in them, intitled him to that honourable retirement in which he is now indulged.

Mr. PITT ſtands yet leſs liable to the charge of being a *favourite*; merit alone brought him into the miniſtry; merit alone kept him there, till, happily for us, he had the ſuperior merit of our countryman to combat with, which was not to be withſtood. If we conſider rightly, it is impoſſible that Mr. PITT ſhould ever have been a favourite, though his abilities were of ſuch a nature as to make his aſſiſtance neceſſary. He came in upon an oppoſition; he had formed himſelf on a plan directly contrary to the humour of our late ſovereign; he was determined to come into no miniſterial jobs; he ſpoke his mind freely on every occaſion: when convinced, he was always ready to change his opinion and alter his meaſures, but had the impudence to expect conviction before he did it; he never was afraid to bring the voice of the people to the ear of his ſovereign; he was of ſuch unſhaken ſecreſy, that during the whole courſe of his miniſtry he gave no opportunity to the moſt willing of diſcovering our deſigns to the enemy: he was of ſuch unpardonable attention to buſineſs, that the moſt minute occurrences

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in his department paſſed not without examination; he was ſuch a bigot to the intereſts of the public, that no private connections whatever could induce him to prefer an undeſerving perſon; he was of ſuch unbounded ambition, that he raiſed the honour of the Engliſh name to a much greater height than any of his predeceſſors; he was ſo extravagantly oppoſite to the meaſures uſually adopted on ſuch occaſions, that he was fooliſhly reſolved not to give up in treaty what he had gained in war; he was ſo immoderate in his demands, that our enemies ſaw through them with a juſt indignation, and were convinced he would make *a good peace, or none at all*; he was ſo jealous of his miniſterial reputation, and ſo envious of thoſe who ſhould ſucceed him, that in order to prevent their doing of any thing, he left little or nothing for them to do. With theſe bars againſt him, and nothing but ſome ſmall ſhare of ſucceſs to back his own merit, it would be needleſs to obſerve, that he certainly never could juſtly be ſuſpected of being a *favourite*.

As to the third perſon, his ſervices are of ſuch a nature, that—but leſt I ſhould be ſuſpected of partiality I ſhall drop this point, and in compliance with the humour of the times, however contrary to my own, give ſome account of WILLIAM DE LA POLE, *earl of Suffolk*,

*folk*, and, for a time, *favourite* of queen MARGARET and HENRY *the ſixth*.

That prince, now nineteen years old, had a very mean genius, and but little like his father's. He eaſily ſuffered himſelf to be governed by thoſe about him. Inſtead of having the preſumption common to young princes, he was diſtruſtful of himſelf, and choſe rather to follow the counſels of others than his own. With this weakneſs he had principles of honour, virtue, and religion, which indeed made him wiſh he could always act juſtly, but often ſerved for a foundation and pretence to his counſellors to draw him into many acts of injuſtice. As he wanted penetration, he was deceived with appearances. Of this his miniſters knew how to take advantage, for they were convinced of his incapacity to diſcern their ſelf-intereſted counſels.

Such being the diſpoſition of the prince, it is natural to ſuppoſe that every intriguing ſtateſman would endeavour to avail himſelf of it. Amongſt theſe the earl of *Suffolk* was not the leaſt active; and in order to eſtabliſh his authority on the moſt laſting grounds, he hit upon a ſcheme which for a time anſwered his purpoſe, *though in the end it proved his ruin.* He knew HENRY was himſelf incapable of governing, and conſequently his miniſters muſt neceſſarily be

be liable to envy, and bear the blame of whatever was not agreeable to the people. In this belief, he fancied that the beſt way to ſupport himſelf was to give the king a *wife*, and a wife of ſuch a kind, who having no ground naturally to aſpire to ſuch a marriage, and being entirely indebted for it to the managers, might be always ready to ſupport her benefactors. Such a perſon he found in *Margaret*, daughter of a beggarly duke and titular king. Under her protection he for a time lorded it in the court, diſpoſed of every thing at pleaſure, maintained greater ſtate, and was more obſerved, than the king himſelf. The queen-mother, more mindful of her paſſions than dignity, and forgetful ſhe had been the wife of the greateſt prince in Europe, had loſt her authority by matching herſelf to a private gentleman; and the old nobles, diſguſted with the power of *Suffolk*, had either left the court, or waited in ſilence for an opportunity to ſhew their hatred with effect againſt the reigning favourite. This occaſion at laſt offered; and however dear *Suffolk* was to the king, however dear he was on ſeveral acounts to the queen, however determined they might ſeem, and had often declared themſelves to maintain him at all events, let the conſequences be what they would, they were at laſt obliged to give him up to the re-

ſentment of an exaſperated people, and found by experience how weak ſuch reſolutions are, when they are oppoſed by the people with equal reſolution.

## Numb. IX. Saturday, July 31, 1762.

> Deſtroy his fib, or ſophiſtry, in vain,
> The Creature's at his dirty work again. POPE.

I HAVE a conſiderable arrear to ſettle with the BRITON. My firſt view was to adminiſter *a weekly antidote to the weekly poiſon of this writer*; but I found him ſo low in the opinion of the public, that little was to be feared even from the moſt daring falſhoods of ſuch a man. He ſeems impregnable to the force of argument. I ſhall therefore try what impreſſion facts may be capable of making on him. Stupidity may not apprehend, or ſophiſtry may ſometimes ſeem to elude the ſtrongeſt reaſonings; but the evidence of facts is irreſiſtible.

The *plan of attacking the French in America*, he aſſerts, *was* ADOPTED *as a national maxim ſelf-evident, before Mr.* PITT, *or any one of his emiſſaries was born.* How comes it then that this plan was entirely over-looked by the miniſtry here during the courſe of the late war, and

and at the commencement of the preſent was purſued with a faintneſs almoſt equal to a total diſregard, till Mr. PITT was in power and gave it a life and vigour? Why has Mr. PITT, for his attention to the *America* ſyſtem, been ſo often ridiculed as *America-mad?* To retort an expreſſion of his own; *what a genius is this at croſs-purpoſes?*

The BRITON is not ſatisfied with this, but in the fulneſs of his folly, thinks to *glorify* his idol by aſcribing to him the honour reſulting from the conqueſt of *Martinique*. *This* (to adopt another of his phraſes) *is begging*, or rather ſtealing, *honour for his patron with a witneſs*. In proof of my aſſertion, I need only obſerve, that his majeſty's ſhip the *Alcide*, with the tranſports deſigned to take on board the troops in America, under the command of general MONKTON, ſailed from Portſmouth on the 4th of Auguſt, and arrived at New-York on the 15th of October, 1761; and that admiral RODNEY, who was to co-operate with general MONKTON in the enterprize againſt *Martinique*, ſet ſail from St. Helen's on the 18th of October, only twelve days after Mr. PITT's reſignation, and but eight days after the appointment of his ſucceſſor in office. Hence it irrefragably appears, that not only *the honour of inventing the plan, but of proportioning*

*tioning the means to the desired success, of equipping the armament with vigour and expedition, and of sending it out at a proper season under the conduct of officers of approved abilities*, is entirely due to Mr. PITT; and that all which can be fairly ascribed to the new managers is the mere *secondary* merit of not countermanding an expedition of the highest national importance. Will the BRITON dare to deny these facts? If he cannot, but is forced to admit them, then he stands at the bar of the public convicted of the most shameful falshood. Blush, BRITON, blush, but let your patrons too share the infamy of prompting and abetting to the world such known prostitution of truth and justice. Perhaps on this occasion it might be too much to assert, that all the honour the new ministry are likely to acquire, will be greater or less, in proportion as they shall either pursue or depart from the written reasons of the 18th of September.

How inconsistent is this weak BRITON! To what means shifts and gross contradictions has he been driven! In his fifth number he claims for the present ministry the greatest honour from the conquest of *Martinique*; and in the sixth he says, *among the other evil consequences of the war, I might reckon our extraordinary success*. I believe this is the first time that *extraordinary success* has been reckoned among the *evil consequences*,

*quences* of a war. By a parity of reaſon, I ſuppoſe he reckons the infamous loſs of *Newfoundland*, and the late diſgrace on the *coaſt of France*, among the *good conſequences* of our affairs being truſted in ſuch hands. What a total ſubverſion of all juſt ideas muſt there be in this writer's head! Theſe are abſurdities reſerved for the gooſe-quills of the modern miniſterial hirelings: this is the ridiculous cant which the pooreſt of all the weekly writers is taught by his patrons. If *ſucceſs* however be indeed ſo *evil a conſequence*, the want of it is ſurely to be eſteemed a *good* one; and if we are to lament our *ſucceſſes*, becauſe they are *evil conſequences*, we muſt rejoice over our *loſſes*, as *good conſequences*. I ſuppoſe, therefore, he and his friends muſt be pleaſed with what has given every true Briton the deepeſt concern, the loſs of *Newfoundland*, whoſe infinite importance every merchant, every ſeaman, almoſt every Engliſhman, knows. —Our *conqueſts*, he ſays, were *obſtacles to a peace*; ſo particularly was the affair of *Newfoundland:* and the late negociation with the court of *France*, as well as the diſputes with the court of *Spain* on *this* great point, during the *ſix years negociation*, are well remembered. I hope there has been no *colluſion! Spain* only demanded a *part:* France has now ſeized the *whole*. But why were no ſhips ſtationed to pro-

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tect an object of such national importance? Is all our intelligence of the motions of the French at an end? Are their fleets no longer watched? Where is that great and good genius to *England* that superintended the British state; and while he gave security to our old possessions, made such noble additions to our empire? I hope that *Newfoundland* too is not considered as an *obstacle*, as well as our *conquests*, which must be removed to smooth the way to a peace: if it is, I know what kind of peace we are to expect. God forbid that the *uti possidetis* should now ever be mentioned as the terms of peace, while *Newfoundland* is in the hands of our enemies. Surely the loss of the whole was not *connived* at, that the part which has been claimed may with more decency be given up hereafter. It is clear to a demonstration there has been no attention given to an object which demanded the utmost a ministry could give. Ought such an administration to be trusted by either prince or people? The noblest fleet England ever had is found, in the hands of a weak ministry, insufficient for the protection of our most important settlements. How is all security gone from us! How do our enemies, who so lately desponded, now exult from such successes; almost immediate on our change of councils! How are their spirits revived! Let us examine the ideas

of

of the late miniſtry on this head. In an extract of the only letter of Mr. Pitt's which the public was truſted with, among the *papers relative to the rupture with Spain*, publiſhed by *authority*, are the following words, which I wiſh were wrote in letters of gold under lord *Bute*'s picture in the royal apartment at St. James's: *You will again on this occaſion let Mr. Wall clearly underſtand that this is a matter held ſacred, and that no conceſſion on the part of his majeſty, ſo deſtructive to this true and capital intereſt of Great Britain, will be yielded to Spain, however abetted and ſupported.* And it was in relation to this great object Mr. Pitt made uſe of that remarkable expreſſion to the proud *Spaniard, that he would not relax any thing till the Tower of London was taken ſword in hand.* Mr. Pitt would neither ſuffer it to be *yielded to Spain*, nor *taken by France*. Is this the *vigour* and *ſucceſs* of the new *North Britiſh* adminiſtration? Theſe are the firſt bitter fruits from the *North*.

What is to follow? Will the queſtion be now aſked, *What has the new miniſtry, or rather what has the new miniſter done?* He has already loſt *Newfoundland*, and is inexcuſable in that loſs; for every thing aſked from parliament to ſtrengthen his hands was granted with chearfulneſs and unanimity. Now indeed is he well paired with his colleagues, the few wretched

wretched *Engliſh* who have joined him. Theſe loſt us *Minorca*, the *Scot* loſt *Newfoundland*. What dreadful events are to ſucceed! Is the Britiſh empire to moulder away? But I hope a moſt gracious prince, in compliance with the wiſhes of a whole people, will, before it is too late, deprive a ſet of men (unfavoured by heaven and deſpiſed on earth) of the power they have thus infamouſly abuſed.

The BRITON proceeds in his uſual abſurd way. In one page he tells us of the *injudicious manner in which the war has been carried on*; and in the next he ſays, *Our motive for engaging in this war was to defend and ſecure our colonies in North America. This end is fully, at leaſt in a great meaſure, accompliſhed by the entire conqueſt of Canada, Acadia, and Cape Breton.* Who made thoſe conqueſts? Has *the war* then *been carried on in ſo injudicious a manner*, when *the end is ſo fully, at leaſt in a great meaſure, accompliſhed?* Again he ſays, *This is the more dangerous, as it is unlimited: one conqueſt will ſuggeſt another, and we ſhall dance after this ignis fatuus of glory until we are weakened, exhauſted, and unable to proceed.* Are not the new miniſtry *proceeding?* Are they not, at this hour, attempting to add another conqueſt to all the former? Does not every friend to his country burn with impatience for the glorious news of the

the blow we all hope is already ſtruck to the heart of Spain? If we have already conquered too much, as he ſays, why go on in the ſame miſtaken courſe? Why add more *obſtacles to a peace?* For ſuch he calls our *conqueſts.* But will even *he* ſay the taking of the *Havannah* will be an obſtacle to a peace with Spain? How would a ſenſible foreigner deſpiſe the wretched cant of theſe advocates of the preſent miniſter?

Such is the letter of the *Briton* to the Earl of Bute: a letter, fit to be addreſſed only to, and to be read only by, his lordſhip. One remarkable particular I had forgot; the *Briton* gives himſelf out as a martyr to the *good* (he will not *now* ſay *glorious*) cauſe: but he expects his full reward here. He begins his letter, *As I have ſuffered in your cauſe*, (I wiſh to know how, except in reputation) *I think myſelf in meaſure intitled to*—and theſe firſt words of the letter are well explained by the laſt---*the darling hope and* ESTABLISHED *expectation of the Briton*, which are plainly a penſion, and an *eſtabliſhment* on this ſide the *Tweed.*

One word I muſt remark on the ſtile of this writer. In his laſt number but one, ſpeaking of the late rebellion, he ſays, *the inſurgents—had defeated a body of regular forces.* How tenderly a true Scotſman ſpeaks of rebellion! Is he

he afraid of wounding a father, uncle, or brother? An Engliſhman would have wrote, *the rebels had defeated a body of king's forces:* but *rebels* are only *inſurgents* in Scotland, and the *king's troops* are only *regular forces!* The other phraſe had acknowledged a right in our ſovereign, not quite ſo willingly owned by all his ſubjects in the north of this iſland.

In the Gazetteer, of laſt Saturday, are the following lines, which are a noble ſpecimen of *North Britiſh logic:*

## To the PRINTER.

SIR,

I am *authoriſed* to ſend you the following article, to be printed in your paper as ſoon as poſſible.

" That the public may not be impoſed upon, " and imagine the *taking* of Newfoundland " was done by the conſent of our miniſtry, we " are aſſured that four men of war of the line " and ſome frigates are going to ſail imme- " diately from Portſmouth to *retake* the ſaid " place."—A moſt concluſive argument that *Newfoundland* was not *taken* by conſent of our miniſtry, becauſe, from the juſt clamour of an enraged people, four men of war and ſome frigates *are to be ſent* to *retake* it! I ſuſpect that my friend the BRITON is this *authoriſed ſtate* writer,

writer, from the reaſoning, and the phraſe of the *taking being done*, which is ſuch reaſoning and Engliſh as he uſually deals out to us on Saturdays.

*How entirely will this article wipe away all the ill-grounded ſuſpicion of mankind!*

## Numb. X. Saturday, Auguſt 7, 1762.

PRO ARIS, & focis.
For GOD and country.

### TO THE NORTH BRITON.

SIR,

AMONGST the many great and daring ſteps lately taken to raiſe us from obſcurity, and inveſt us with that power and influence which we have long aſpired to, but never could obtain till this happy period, when merit carries every thing before it, I am amazed that one, which in itſelf would be glorious, and would alſo give a luſtre to, and enſure the continuance of, all our other acquiſitions, hath ſo long eſcaped the active and diſcerning ſpirit of our *countrymen*; I mean the *intereſts* of Preſbyters. In vain do we promiſe ourſelves a con-

a continuance of power in the *ſtate*, unleſs we can find means to eſtabliſh a ſuperiority in the *church*. The clergy of *England* will naturally be jealous of our growing greatneſs; and the influence which they have over the minds of the populace, when conſiderations of intereſt get the better of their indolence, and demand the exertion of their ſtrength, is too evident, and well deſerves our moſt ſerious attention. From their intrigues, as ſoon as they enter into the real ſpirit of our deſigns, we muſt expect much trouble, and an oppoſition not to be deſpiſed. As reſolute men, we ought not to be diſcouraged by this approaching ſtorm, but as prudent men we ought, if poſſible, to prevent or break the force of it; nor doth any other method of doing this occur to me, but the levelling one great ſtroke immediately at the root of all their influence and power. Could we once ſee, what we have often wiſhed for in vain, *Preſbytery* eſtabliſhed on the ruins of *Epiſcopacy*, what good things might we not promiſe to ourſelves! What evil things might we not have it in our power to denounce againſt our enemies! Then ſhould they feel the weight of our reſentment, and find to their coſt *what ſpirit we are of*; then might we lord it with ſecurity, and, the terrors of the church co-operating with the ſecular arm, our power would

would be *univerſal*, *abſolute*, and *perpetual*. The preciſe method of bringing about this great event I cannot take upon me to determine. I leave it to thoſe who have already accompliſhed things of greater difficulty; but the neceſſity of its being effected, in order to eſtabliſh us for ever in *England*, I muſt poſitively aſſert. When once it is happily brought to paſs, I would humbly hope, in order to give *the ſpirit of our profeſſion its true and full force*, that the *act of toleration* might be immediately *repealed*.

I am, SIR, your's ſincerely,

PRESBYTER.

THOUGH I cannot but commend the zeal and approve the ſentiments of my correſpondent, yet I muſt think his vehemence gets the better of his judgment, and hurries him on at ſuch a rate, as would retard, if not overthrow, the deſigns he is ſo forward to promote. Every *true Scot* is undoubtedly of his opinion; he muſt ſee the very great importance of this point, and in juſtice both to himſelf and country muſt burn for the accompliſhment of it; but diſcretion ſteps in, and teaches us to conſider this event as placed at a great diſtance, ſurrounded with difficulties, and to be brought to paſs by ſlow degrees. Our great patron himſelf, *whoſe thoughts are always at work for*

*our good*, hath, I will not doubt, had this important object often in his view, though prudence, and not inattention, as my correspondent imagines, hath as yet restrained him from taking any open steps towards the obtaining it. Much greater caution is requisite to bring about changes in a church than in a state. The *ecclesiastics* are an artful, subtle, and powerful body in all countries: their eyes, however dim to other things, are remarkably quick to every thing which concerns their own interests: they are generally proud, revengeful, and implacable: and yet most of them have the art to throw a veil over their evil qualities, and establish an interest in the opinions of the people. History will supply us with numberless instances of their capacity for mischief, and their success in it. Most of the revolutions in *Europe* have been chiefly owing to the intrigues of churchmen; and from the unaccountable accounts of a late unaccountable revolution* in the *North*, we may at least gather thus much, that it is safer to take off the head of a layman, than to wag a finger against the beard of a priest. Great caution therefore is requisite on our side, and I hope my countrymen will always observe it, and never let this grand point be out of our

* The dethroning the late *Czar, Peter* III.

thoughts,

thoughts, but let diſcretion mark the ſeveral ſteps by which we make our way towards it.

It has been aſſerted, that as religion in *England* is at ſo low an ebb, and the difference between the *Engliſh* and *Scottiſh* church conſiſts only in mere form, this alteration might be effected with much eaſe. Thoſe who maintain this will do well to conſider, that where religion prevails in its true and genuine ſpirit, forms are looked on with an eye of indifference; but in a nation where the true ſpirit of religion is loſt, and nothing but forms remain, there they are conſidered with the greateſt reſpect, and aſſume an eſſentiality which in themſelves they have not. Beſides, will they tell us that the dignities and lucrative preferments of the church are mere forms? Theſe ſurely are not inſubſtantial phantoms; theſe certainly have an eſſence. Nor can we ſuppoſe that what hath been obtained at the expence of every *free* and *manly* ſentiment, ſhall afterwards be given up by the poſſeſſors tamely, and without oppoſition. *Talk againſt religion, decry morality, openly attack ſcripture, corrupt the practice, unſettle the faith of mankind, naturalize Jews, confound marriages*—ſtill every thing is well, all is ſafe and quiet.—But if you would deſtroy, or leſſen the rights of *churchmen*, if you would controvert their claims, ſupplant

them in their preferments, and make encroachments on their power, then must you expect a general cry, the whole spiritual body will be up in arms, the thunders of the church will be levelled against you, and the populace must be taught that religion is struck at, and the church in danger. Safer indeed will our nation always find it to attack a *Saviour* than a *surplice*, to raze out the *four evangelists*, than to shew an inclination for plucking *one spiritual ear of English corn.*

Notwithstanding these obstacles, which we may expect to meet with from the English clergy, I would not have the design relinquished. Let difficulties do their proper work—add a spur to our resolution and diligence, and confirm our prudence; for by that, and that only, can we hope to succeed. Moderation is our present business, the best answer to the objection of our enemies, and the only way of getting them into our power, and of making them feel the weight of our resentment, when it is our interest to shew it. In order to pave the way to this desirable event, and to lessen the clamour, when it shall happen, I would recommend it to my countrymen, who have *Presbyterian* interest at heart, to enter immediately into the church of *England*, and take orders—*They will be sure of all the best preferments*;

*ments*; and when the change we ſo much deſire is effected, they may be good and true *Preſbyterians* again. Their being in the church will leſſen the weight of the *Engliſh clergy*, and their return to us will give a freſh addition of ſtrength to our party. As to the charge of *diſſimulation* or *hypocriſy*, which may maliciouſly be brought againſt them, they will ſtand excuſed by the cauſe for which they acted. If this was not the caſe, and if the good of the country and countrymen was not a ſufficient excuſe for *flattery*, *lying*, *perjury*, *perfidy*, *treaſon*, and *rebellion*, what muſt become of every *true Scot?*

As to the repeal of the *act of toleration* propoſed by my correſpondent, it muſt certainly take place, but not at the time he mentions. Should we defer it till the completion of this great event, we ſhall lay ourſelves open to the reproaches of our adverſaries, and be aſked, how we can deny that indulgence to others, which we have ſo ſtrongly pleaded for, and happily enjoyed ourſelves? A queſtion this not to be anſwered, and therefore we muſt take care that it ſhall not be aſked. Let the *act of toleration* then for this reaſon be repealed ſome little time before the aboliſhment of *epiſcopacy*, and we may with a *good grace* afterwards lay before the good people of *England the terrors of the Lord.*

The whole of what I have here faid, may perhaps be deemed chimerical—Think ſo ſtill—May ſecurity be your ruin—The event will ſhew who was right. Something relative to this point our *arch enemy* SWIFT has obſerved, and I hope in the ſpirit of prophecy; it was feared in his time, and may be accompliſhed in ours.—Take his own words:

" We obſerve the *Scots* in our northern parts " to be a brave, induſtrious people, extremely " devoted to their religion, and full of an " *undiſturbed* affection towards each other. " Numbers of that noble nation, invited by the " fertilities of ſoil, are glad to exchange their " barren hills of *Loquabar*, by a voyage of " three hours, for our fruitful vales of *Down* " and *Antrim*, ſo productive of *that grain*, " which at little trouble and leſs expence finds " diet and lodging for themſelves and their cattle. Theſe people by their extreme parſimony, wonderful *dexterity in dealing*, and " firm adherence to one another, ſoon grow " into wealth from the *ſmalleſt beginnings*, never are rooted out where they once fix, " and increaſe daily by new ſupplies. Beſides, " when they are the ſuperior number in any " tract of ground, they are not *over-patient of* " *mixture*; but ſuch whom they cannot *aſſimilate*, ſoon find it their intereſt to remove.

" I have

" I have done all in my power on ſome land " of my own to preſerve two or three *Engliſh* " fellows in their neighbourhood, but found it " impoſſible, though one of them thought he " had ſufficiently made his court by turning " *Preſbyterian*. Add to all this, that they " bring along with them from *Scotland* a moſt " formidable notion of our church, which they " look upon at leaſt three degrees worſe than " popery; and it is natural it ſhould be ſo, " ſince they come over full fraught with that " ſpirit which taught them to aboliſh *epiſco-* " *pacy* at home."

After ſome very impertinent obſervations relative to the repeal of the Teſt, the Dean ſays, " I do not ſee how it can be otherwiſe, " conſidering their ignorance and our ſupine- " neſs, but they may in a very few years " grow to a majority in the Houſe of Com- " mons, and conſequently make themſelves " the national religion, and have a fair pre- " tence to demand the revenues of the church " for their teachers. I know it will be ob- " jected, that if all this ſhould happen as I " deſcribe, yet the Preſbyterian religion could " never be made the national by act of Parlia- " ment, becauſe our biſhops are ſo great a " number in the Houſe of Lords, and with- " out a majority there the church could not

" be aboliſhed. But I have *two very good ex-*
" *pedients* for that, which I leave you to gueſs,
" and I dare ſwear our Speaker here has often
" thought on, eſpecially having endeavoured at
" *one of them* ſo lately. That this deſign is
" not ſo foreign from *ſome people*'s thoughts,
" I muſt let you know that an honeſt *bell-*
" *weather* of our houſe (you have him now
" in *England*, I wiſh you could keep him
" there) had the impudence ſome years ago in
" Parliament-time, to ſhake my Lord Biſhop
" of *Killaloo* by his lawn ſleeve, and tell him
" in a threatening manner—*That he hoped to*
" *live to ſee the day when there ſhould not be one*
" *of his order in the kingdom.*" Letter concern-
ing the Sacramental Teſt.

## Numb. XI. Saturday, Auguſt 14, 1762.

Neque ſolum quid iſtum audire, veram etiam quid me deceat dicere, conſiderabo.

Nor ſhall I conſider only what it may be proper for Him to hear, but alſo what it may become Me to ſay.

I HAVE found it by far the moſt diſagreeable circumſtance attending this political warfare, that I am obliged weekly to wade through

through all the dirt and filth of ſome cotemporary writers, whoſe natural propenſity ſeems now only to have gained its true bias. Every thing appears to flow in its proper foul channel with them. *Faction* and *Falſhood* are the two main pillars of their political ſtate. One of them even glories in his *invention*. I hoped to have been excuſed from reading any of my fellow-labourers, except the BRITON, who has proved to me a fine drowſy opiate after my Saturday's veſpers. For my ſins I undertook the penance of his company, and I fear have too often been benumbed by the touch of this torpedo; but the AUDITOR has of late taken ſo much obliging notice of me, that I muſt, from literary politeneſs, make him too ſome returns. I will however (according to the ſage advice of Tully in my motto) *conſider not only what is fit for him to hear, but for me to ſay.*

I am rather hardly dealt with by him. He accuſes me of *poverty of invention*. Surely this is unreaſonable, to expect that *invention* in my *proſe*, which is not to be found in his *verſe*. He ſays, "he threw out a hint, that I might "copy the plan of *news for one hundred years* "*hence*, which the reader may remember was "publiſhed ſome years ſince againſt the Jew "Bill." The reader may likewiſe remember that there was publiſhed, at the beginning

of

of this century, Swift's *predictions for the year* 1708, of which the other (notwithstanding his impudent pretensions to originality) is but a tame imitation. The truth is; *Swift* is the *father* of all political *humour*; the AUDITOR and I follow *non æquis passibus*. I thank him however for giving me the true key to the knowledge of the author of that paper, by his doating on the child, and his still remembering, what every body else had forgot, an old paper of *news for one hundred years hence*; a paper, I own, of a little easy humour; but he is proud of it, because it is in the highest manner of such a *Flemish* painter, finished *con amore*. I am sorry that sprightly running is over, and that he is now drawn down to the foulest dregs of political controversy. In the same page he talks of *plagiarism*, and borrows almost every line from *Pope* and *Swift*. I am not hurt by this. I wish most heartily that he would steal more largely from both. It will be more of them, it will be less of him: more of them, and less of himself will be as agreeable to the public, as to me. I beg he would tell me, whence I stole the idea of a *second-sighted Scotsman*, that I may justify myself against my own countrymen, who abuse me for having, as they say, hit the true point of ridicule against our nation, be-

becauſe there is no other which makes ſo ſilly a pretenſion.

But is indeed *invention* the great talent of a political writer? I have always thought otherwiſe, and, knowing where my ſtrength lay, have ever ſtated *facts* and *dates* in all hiſtorical occurrences, and have conſtantly left the glory of *invention* to the AUDITOR and the BRITON. Such great things were atchieved during the late adminiſtration, that *invention* would lag behind; and were the AUDITOR a poet of the nobleſt imagination, inſtead of only *meaſuring out a mongrel kind of tinkling proſe*, without fire or fancy, he would not have dared to have *feigned* half the heroic acts of the Engliſh, for the laſt ſix years, under Mr. PITT's auſpices. But let him keep his *invention* for his next panegyric on Lord BUTE. There will be the fulleſt hope, there will be the moſt real neceſſity for it. But I fear even that his genius will fail him; for he has not been able to *invent* one decent excuſe for the ſhameful neglect of the important object of *Newfoundland*. He ſays, *perhaps no blame ought with propriety to be charged on any man: he* has preciſely the ſame ideas of the loſs of *Minorca*; but the *nation* has not, and does not charge the higheſt blame on his patrons. He adds, *were Lord* ANSON *alive to anſwer for himſelf, ſome reaſons*

*reaſons would perhaps be aſſigned, &c.* and ſo becauſe *Lord Anſon* is not *alive* to anſwer for himſelf, he is to be called from the *dead* to anſwer for himſelf, and LORD BUTE too. But who has accuſed *Lord Anſon*, or *libelled his memory?* I honour the AUDITOR for this happy *invention* (which I believe is his own) of appealing to the *dead:* there he is ſafe from detection, and may make the appeal as ſtrong, and as circumſtantial, as he pleaſes. But has he no *living witneſs?* Does not this give the ſtrongeſt ſuſpicion, that, were Lord Anſon *alive*, he would not then venture to make the appeal?

He ſays, *during the whole war, Newfoundland never had any particular appointment for its protection, except the two men of war to convoy the trade.* I affirm, that every care poſſible was taken of *Newfoundland* and the utmoſt attention given to its preſervation through the whole war, and that it was never loſt ſight of during all the late negociations; of which there is the fulleſt written evidence. The French knew this ſo well, that no attempt was ever made during the vigilance of the late adminiſtration. Their fleets were too narrowly watched; their deſtination too well known. A ſuperior force was ever ready for the ſafety of this country, and all her colonies. Had the firſt

miniſter

miniſter given half the attention to this truly Britiſh concern, which he did to increaſe domeſtic feuds and contentions among the Engliſh; had he ſet himſelf (as he ought to have done) to acquire intelligence of what our reſtleſs enemies, the French, were meditating, with half the induſtry he did (as he ought not to have done) to what was tranſacting at the Treaſury before he had any right to command there, he might, beyond all doubt, have fruſtrated the attempt on *Newfoundland*. I believe too, that knowledge might have been acquired to the full *in as fair and honourable a way as the other was*. He might ſurely have prevented the French ſeizing with the wretched remains of their marine (almoſt annihilated in the courſe of the laſt ſix years) what they could not ſucceed in under the late miniſtry, while their navy was ſo formidable. But we find that *weak* and *feeble* efforts command ſucceſs againſt a *weak* and *feeble* miniſtry: and our ancient enemy, when *expiring*, can do more, matched with a pitiful opponent, than when *in full vigour*, with one wiſe and ſpirited.

The AUDITOR goes on; *how unlucky is it---that Thurot landed in Ireland during Mr.* PITT's *miniſtry, and that he is not actually at Carrickfergus this day!* It is true, *Thurot* did land in Ireland during Mr. PITT's miniſtry; but it is no

leſs

leſs true, that Mr. PITT gave us the moſt compendious and complete Gazette I ever read, of the conſequences of that attempt, the deſtruction of every ſingle veſſel belonging to that ſquadron. The ſquadron which attempted and ſeized *Newfoundland* during Lord BUTE's miniſtry, is ſtill in being, triumphant, and perhaps ready to attack *Carrickfergus*. Let us have juſt ſuch a *Gazette* from Lord BUTE. But we are told the ſhips *are to ſail* to attack the French, and to recover *Newfoundland*. The miſchiefs which may enſue long before ſhips from Portſmouth can reach the new world, are ſcarcely to be imagined, and too ſhocking to dwell upon even in idea. What a dreadful interval! How big with horror and death! Before, all was ſecurity and eaſe; now, an univerſal dejection and dread of futurity prevails.

The AUDITOR proceeds very pertly; *Now tell me, Faction, were there any ſhips ſtationed at Newfoundland at that time?* The anſwer is full, clear, and ready; there were ſhips ſtationed there, and in all parts, to watch the whole French fleet; and no ſooner did any eſcape from their harbours, but the moſt immediate intelligence was given, and all their hopes blaſted. *M. de la Clue* in an important buſineſs, *Thurot* in a leſs, are the demonſtrative proofs. The conſequence was, the effectual

of

ruin of the enterprize, perhaps a total deſtruction, as in the affair of *Thurot*; the mention of which is no inſtance of the AUDITOR's ſagacity.

The AUDITOR ſays, that I have cited *a malignant paragraph from the Gazetteer, and a writer from his king and country is declared to be the author of it. Now if this hireling can prevail upon the noble lord his patron to advance the money, and give ſecurity that it ſhall not be recovered under any of the gaming ſtatutes, I will venture a wager that he forged that very paragraph himſelf.* In anſwer to this, I will do the NORTH BRITON the juſtice to ſay, that he is untainted with the vice of *gaming*, the loſs of which poſſeſſes the AUDITOR ſo ſtrongly, that by another happy *invention* of his own, he endeavours to introduce it even among poor authors. This *infectious vice*, I ſuſpect, remains to him from his *old patron*. The NORTH BRITON can declare he never received an obligation from any *great man*, but what flowed, in the common occurrences of life, from the mutual tie of a reciprocal private friendſhip. He is happy with what he has a right to enjoy. He is ſuperior to all gain, and deſpiſes the ſharing with a hackneyed hireling, the weekly *wages of the proſtitution of his pen*. The AUDITOR earns them dearly: *ill-got* as they are he ſhall every Saturday

Saturday night receive them intire from me; and if they are *brought to waſte*, it will be by their being ſpent in as profligate a manner as they are earned. To annihilate ſuſpicion, I appeal to Mr. *Say*, the printer of the *Gazetteer*. I could wiſh he would tell the world (and I call upon him to do it) from whom he received that abſurd paragraph, which the writer declared in the letter he was *authoriſed* to ſend him.

As to the AUDITOR's miſerable conceit of *perſon* and *parſon*, I muſt tell him that it is too poor, and only fit for the BRITON. I will whiſper him too, that he is totally miſtaken, and that the gentleman he means to abuſe does not merit that abuſe, though he deſpiſes it. The AUDITOR (for he has ſome taſte) is, I am ſure, conſcious, how much the literary world is indebted to that *manly genius* * for ſome of the moſt noble productions of our age and language, which will live and be admired by poſterity, after all our ſhort-lived political offſpring have periſhed, and this perhaps may be with the ſame ſun which ſaw them riſe.

I have only *two* words to ſettle with the BRITON this week. They are *glorification* and *couchſafement*. He ſays, that *I have twice twitt-*

* Mr. *Charles Churchill*.

*ed*

*ed him in the teeth* (a moſt elegant phraſe) *with the word* GLORIFICATION *printed in Italics.* He *affirms that* it is an *Engliſh* word, to be found in all the common *dictionaries*, and *to be* met *with more than once in Scripture.* I never denied that it was an *Engliſh* word, but I ridiculed it as a *cant* word of the illiberal and illiterate *Scottiſh Preſbyterians*; and it found favour among their long-winded divines, only becauſe it was ſo long, and mouthed ſo well. I will ſay, however, that I have not met with it in Scripture, and I am ſatisfied that he cannot name one text where it is to be found.

Now for *vouchſafement.* He ſays, *I could wiſh he would ſettle the authenticity of the word* VOUCHSAFEMENTS, *uſed as a ſubſtantive, a word which I do not remember to have ſeen in any dictionary or writer of reputation.* What ſo ignorant a fellow *has* ſeen, I do not know; but I know he *may* ſee word *vouchſafement*, as a ſubſtantive too, in *Johnſon's Engliſh Dictionary*, and the great *Boyle* quoted as the authority for it. I hope *Johnſon* is *a writer of reputation*, becauſe as a writer he has juſt got a penſion of 300l. *per ann.* I hope too that he is become a friend to this conſtitution and the family on the throne, now he is thus nobly provided for: but I know he has much to *unwrite*, more to *unſay*, before he will be for-

given by the true friends of the preſent illuſtrious family, for what he has been *writing* and *ſaying* for many years. As to the *Briton*, he is ſo ignorant and fooliſh, I ſhall for the future *vouchſafe* him a very ſmall ſhare of my attention; for as every body has left off *reading*, it is high time that I ſhould leave off *anſwering him*.

## Numb. XII. Saturday, Auguſt 12, 1762.

Penſions, which reaſon to the worthy gave,
Add freſh diſhonur to the fool and knave.

ANON.

## TO THE NORTH BRITON.

SIR,

I DO not know in any controverſy ſo ſure a method of coming at truth, which is always the pretence, though ſo ſeldom the real object of modern enquiries, as a juſt and ſtrict definition of all the words and phraſes of any importance, which are afterwards to be in uſe. This practice is univerſal, excepting only in *theological* and *political* controverſy. If I take up a book of mathematics, the writer defines in the very firſt page, what a *triangle*, a *circle*,

or

or a *trapezium* is; and then argues closely from the precise and accurate ideas of each, which the author and reader have previously settled. A book of fortification as regularly sets out with explaining to me what a *bastion*, a *demi-lune*, or a *hornwork* is. I have read much religious controversy; for, unhappily, there is as little agreement between the ministers of the gospel, as between the ministers of state. I do not, however, remember to have found in any of our divines a satisfactory definition of *faith*, *free-will*, *or predestination*. We are not yet arrived at the same accuracy, with respect to the meaning of these words, as of a *circle* or a *square*. The same remark will hold true in *political* controversy. Who has with any precision defined the words *faction* or *patriot?* The word *favourite* alone we have of late pretty fully understood the force of, both from the definitions of the MONITOR and of the NORTH BRITON: yet give me leave to say, Sir, that neither of you have reached the force and closeness of expression in the great lexicographer, Mr. JOHNSON, who defines a *favourite* to be *a mean wretch, whose whole business is by any means to please*. But whether the word has been well defined or not, in former periods of the English history, the effect of it has been very fully felt, and even at this hour it is never uttered with-

out the moſt unjuſt paſſion and ill-founded reſentment, as if the nation was now ſmarting from the ſad conſequences of its reality, and exertion in pride and inſolence.

The word *penſion* likewiſe has of late much puzzled our politicians. I do not recollect that any one of them has ventured at a definition of it. Mr. *Johnſon*, as he is now a *penſioner*, one ſhould naturally have recourſe to, for the trueſt literary information on this ſubject. His definition then of a *penſion* is, *an allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England it is generally underſtood to mean pay given to a ſtate hireling for treaſon to his country.* And under the word *penſioner* we read, 1. *One who is ſupported by an allowance paid at the will of another: a dependant.* 2. *A ſlave of ſtate, hired by a ſtipend to obey his maſter.* But with ſubmiſſion to this great prodigy of learning, I ſhould think both definitions very erroneous. Is the ſaid Mr. *Johnſon a dependant?* Or is he *a ſlave of ſtate hired by a ſtipend to obey his maſter?* There is according to him, no alternative. Is his *penſion, underſtood to be pay given him as ſtate hireling for treaſon to his country?* Whoever gave it him, muſt then have read *London*, a Poem, &c. &c. and muſt have miſtaken all his *diſtant hints* and *dark alluſions*. As Mr. *Johnſon* therefore has, I think, failed in this account, may

I, after ſo great an authority, venture at a ſhort definition of ſo intricate a word? A *penſion* then I would call *a gratuity during the pleaſure of the Prince for ſervices performed, or expected to be performed, to himſelf or to the ſtate.* Let us conſider the celebrated Mr. *Johnſon*, and a few other late penſioners, in this light.

Mr. *Johnſon*'s many writings in the cauſe of liberty, his ſteady attachment to the preſent Royal Family, his gentleman-like compliments to his Majeſty's grandfather, and his decent treatment of the parliament, intitle him to a ſhare of the royal bounty. It is a matter of aſtoniſhment that *no notice* has till now been taken of him by government for ſome of the moſt *extraordinary* productions, which appeared with the name of *Samuel Johnſon*; a name ſacred to *George and Liberty*. No man, who has read only one poem of his, *London*, but muſt congratulate the good ſenſe and diſcerning ſpirit of the miniſter, who beſtows ſuch a part of the public treaſure on this diſtinguiſhed friend of the public, of his maſter's family, and of the conſtitution of this country. The rewards are *now* moſt judiciouſly given to thoſe who have ſupported, not to thoſe who have all their lives written with bitterneſs, and harangued with virulence, againſt the government. With all due deference to the firſt miniſter's diſcern-

ment, I rather think that Mr. *Johnſon* (as merit *of this kind* muſt now be rewarded) might have been better provided for in another way: I mean at the board of *Exciſe*. I am deſirous of ſeeing him one of the *commiſſioners*, if not at the head of that board, that the gentlemen there may ceaſe to be *wretches hired by thoſe to whom exciſe is paid*. His definition of *exciſe* is, that it *is a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by thoſe to whom exciſe is paid*. Is the *exciſe* ſtill on the ſame footing? I wiſh to know who *hires* theſe *wretches*, the *commiſſioners of exciſe*. Mr. *Johnſon* ſays, *thoſe to whom exciſe is paid!* If that is indeed the caſe, I am not at a loſs to find out *to whom exciſe is paid*, nor who of conſequence, in Mr. Johnſon's idea, *hires theſe wretches*.

Theſe are fair extracts from the celebrated *Engliſh Dictionary*, which was preſented by a noble lord in ſuch pomp to the academy *della Cruſca*. It will give the country of the old Romans the juſteſt idea of Engliſh liberty, and of the preſent patrons of it amongſt us, who have ſo illiberally rewarded the author. The *literati of Italy* will not only find an excellent *literary* dictionary, but a compleat ſyſtem of Engliſh politics and hiſtory, worthy of this renowned nation, for every thing is recorded in the

the manly ſtyle of old *Rome*. As we have had our tyrants as well as they, a Roman ſpirit has aroſe againſt them here, and, as it ever will, has bore down all before it. The expulſion of the *Tarquins* is not told by any old Roman hiſtorian in more animated language, and more glowing words, than the expulſion of the inveterate enemies of liberty, the whole race of the *Stuarts*. Mr. Johnſon ſays, the *Revolution* is the *change produced by the admiſſion of King William and Queen Mary*. What noble words! What a bold glowing expreſſion! I ſhould not have dwelt ſo long upon Mr. Johnſon's literary merit, if I did not believe that his writings had done more real ſervice to the family on the throne, than any man's—excepting only Mr. *Secretary Murray*'s;—another ſacred name to *George and Liberty*.

I moſt heartily beg lord LITCHFIELD's pardon. I have been ſo uſed to find him at the head of the country party, and the Oxfordſhire Old Intereſt, that I did not expect, under a prince of the houſe of *Brunſwick*, to have ſeen him at *the head of the penſioners*. I ought to have paid my firſt compliments to his lordſhip. He is at the head of the *penſioners*, and at length baſks in the ſunſhine of court favour, from having in the moſt critical times diſtinguiſhed himſelf as a warm friend of the houſe of *Ha-*

*nover* When the whole nation roſe up, like one man, in defence of their ſovereign and their liberties, lord LITCHFIELD ſtood forth among the moſt zealous, and put himſelf at the head of *amazing* numbers of true freemen of the Old Intereſt in Oxfordſhire. I hope that ever-memorable year 1746 will never be forgot. In that perilous year the family on the throne ſaw who were their real friends, and undoubtedly have profited by an experience ſo happily made. Read over the liſt of thoſe generous *aſſociators*, who formed a *ſacred band* for the defence of all that ought to be dear to an Engliſhman: there you will find the name of the earl of LITCHFIELD. Every man in Oxfordſhire will tell you, how nobly he exerted himſelf, when Hannibal was at our gates; what real ſtrength the nation derived from his great and ſpirited efforts; what *ſums he ſubſcribed*; what immenſe expences he bore with chearfulneſs, to encourage *his* friends to the ſtraining of every nerve againſt *his* and our common enemy. I do not indeed recollect that he raiſed any regiment, though many others of the nobility did; but I readily comprehend why he did not. The adminiſtration were at that time ſo over-run with groſs prejudices, that they thought his lordſhip, and thoſe friends of his, could not be truſted. The

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preſent miniſtry think more juſtly; and ſhould ſuch another day come, I am ſatisfied they will be found as zealous in the cauſe of their country as before. It is plain then, that lord LITCHFIELD is at the head of the Penſioners on account of real ſervices performed in times of real danger.

I think that I am right in declaring that a *penſion* may not only be given for *ſervices actually performed*, but likewiſe for *ſervices expected to be performed*. This I take to be the caſe of the *penſions* generally given to the *ſixteen peers*, who repreſent the whole nobility of *Scotland*. I am far from meaning that they are the only *ſixteen Scottiſh* peers who enjoy *penſions*. I ſpeak of them now, as having votes in the houſe of Lords, from their being repreſentatives of all the reſt. *Penſions* have commonly been given to them for the ſervices they *are* to perform to their country there, and to give them the true bias, which they might otherwiſe miſtake. When Lord BUTE was in a former Parliament one of the ſixteen *Scottiſh* Peers, he actually enjoyed a *penſion* on this truly honourable footing, and therefore *he* has the faireſt right to the title of *Grand Penſionary*.

In this more liberal conſtruction of the word *penſion*, I ſhould imagine the *Lords of the Bedchamber* in general were included. I take this

to

to be the true reaſon of the increaſe of their number in the preſent reign from *twelve* to *eighteen*; which is ſtill kept filled up. This is by no means want of *œconomy*, that darling attribute of modern ſtateſmen! It is done that ſo many noble perſons may be ready to perform in parliament any ſervices which their *country* calls for, and is thus in reality only a *more honourable penſion*.

I beg to be underſtood. Not only real ſervices in parliament, but every ſpecies of elegance and refinement in the polite arts may, I think, without cenſure, be rewarded with a *penſion*. A politeneſs equal to that of lord TALBOT's—*horſe* ought not to paſs unnoticed. At the coronation he paid a new, and, for a *horſe*, ſingular reſpect to his ſovereign. I appeal to applauding multitudes, who were ſo charmed, as to forget every rule of decency, and to *clap* even in the *Royal* preſence, whether *his*, or his *lord*'s dexterity on that day did not ſurpaſs any courtier's. Caligula's *horſe* had not half the merit. We remember how nobly *he* was provided for. What the exact proportion of merit was between his *lordſhip* and his *horſe*, and how far the penſion ſhould be divided between them, I will not take upon me to determine. I leave this knotty point to be decided by the earl of *Eglington*, becauſe Mr.

*John*

*John Hume*, alias *Home* (for ſo it is printed in the new ſweet noſegay of *Scottiſh thiſtles*) tells the world, vol. ii. p. 230, that he is

> " A friend of princes, poets, wits,
> " A judge infallible of TITS."

In my private opinion, however, the merit of *both* was very great, and neither ought to paſs unnoticed. The impartial and inimitable pen of *Cervantes* has made *Rozinante* immortal as well as *Don Quixote*. Lord TALBOT's horſe, like the great planet in *Milton*, *danc'd about in various rounds his wand'ring courſe*. At different times, he was *progreſſive*, *retrograde*, *or ſtanding ſtill*. The *progreſſive* motion I ſhould rather incline to think the merit of the *horſe*, the *retrograde* motion, the merit of the *Lord*. Some of the regulations of the courtiers themſelves for that day had long been ſettled by former lord ſtewards. It was reſerved for lord *Talbot* to ſettle an *etiquette* for their *horſes*.

I much admire many of his Lordſhip's new regulations, eſpecially thoſe for the royal kitchen. I approve the diſcharging of ſo many *turnſpits* and *cooks*, who were grown of very little uſe. I do not, however, quite like the precedent of giving them *penſions* for doing nothing. It was high time to put an end to that

that too great indulgence in eating and drinking, which went by the name of *Old Engliſh hoſpitality*, when the houſe of Commons had granted a poor, niggardly *civil liſt of only* 800,000*l.* I ſincerely venerate his Lordſhip's great abilities, and deeply regret that they are not employed by government in a way more *confidential*, more ſuited to his manly character.*

There is one *Scottiſh penſion* I have been told of, which afforded me real pleaſure. It is Mr. *Hume*'s; for I am ſatisfied that it muſt be given to Mr. *David Hume*, whoſe writings have been juſtly admired both abroad and at home, and not to Mr. *John Hume*, who has endeavoured to bring the name into contempt, by putting it to two inſipid tragedies, and other traſh in the *Scottiſh miſcellanies*.

I muſt in compliance with a few vulgar writers, call the *inadequate* reward given to Mr. *Pitt*, for as great ſervices as ever were performed by any ſubject, a *penſion*, although the *grant is not during pleaſure*, and therefore cannot create any undue, unconſtitutional influence. In the ſame light we are to conſider

* This panegyric on the character of lord *Talbot*, ſo enraged his lordſhip, that in about a month afterwards means were taken to bring about a duel between Mr. *Wilkes* and him, in which his lordſhip appeared extremely ridiculous. For a more particular account, ſee Appendix.

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the duke of *Cumberland*'s and *Marlborough*'s, Prince *Ferdinand*'s, and admiral *Hawke*'s, Mr. *Onſlow*'s, &c. I was going to call it the *King's gold box*; for Mr. *Pitt* having before received the moſt obliging marks of regard from the public, the teſtimony of his ſovereign only remained wanting. The circumſtances however attending it convince me, that *at that moment* it was artfully contrived by courtiers to be given to Mr. Pitt, neither for *Louiſbourg*, *Quebec*, nor *Pondicherry*, but to ruin him in the opinion of mankind, and with the hope of putting an end to that popularity, which he has through life courted with ſuch painful zeal, proſtituted to ſuch flagitious purpoſes, and made uſe of above all to raiſe the flame of diſcord, which raged for the laſt ſix years, but is now, under the auſpices of lord BUTE, happily extinguiſhed.

## Numb. XIII. Saturday, Aug. 28, 1762.

Mancipiis locuples, eget æris Cappadocum rex.

The Cappadocian King is rich in ſlaves,
But caſh is wanting.

### To the NORTH BRITON.

SIR,

I INCLOSE a very great curioſity, which I deſire you to reprint *verbatim*. It will ſhew the preſent age how unjuſt the laſt was in their ſentiments of the people and country of *Scotland*, and that the prejudices againſt the inhabitants of the northern part of this iſland were not conceived by the *Engliſh* yeſterday. I beg to give you a motto from Horace, which I think conveys no bad idea of a *Highland Chief*.

I am, &c.

### A PERFECT DESCRIPTION OF THE PEOPLE AND COUNTRY OF SCOTLAND.

By JAMES HOWELL, Gent.

LONDON: Printed for J. S. 1649.

FIRST, for the country, I muſt confeſs, is good for thoſe that poſſeſs it, and too bad for others to be at the charge to conquer it.

it. The air might be wholeſome, but for the ſtinking people that inhabit it; the ground might be fruitful, had they wit to manure it.

Their beaſts be generally ſmall, women only excepted; of which ſort there are none greater in the whole world. There is great ſtore of fowl too, as foul houſes, foul ſheets, foul linen, foul diſhes and pots, foul trenchers and napkins, with which ſort we have been forced to ſay, as the children did with their fowl in the wilderneſs. They have good ſtore of fiſh too, and good for thoſe that can eat it raw; but if it come once into their hands, it is worſe than if it were three days old; for their butter and cheeſe I will not meddle withal at this time, nor no man elſe at any time that loves his life.

They have great ſtore of deer, but they are ſo far from the place where I have been, that I had rather believe than go to diſprove it: I confeſs all the deer I met withal was dear lodgings, dear horſe-meat, and dear tobacco, and *Engliſh* beer.

As for fruit, for their grandſire *Adam*'s ſake, they never planted any; and for other trees, had *Chriſt* been betrayed in this country (as doubtleſs he ſhould, had he come as a ſtranger) *Judas* had ſooner found the grace of repentance than a tree to hang himſelf on.

They have many hills, wherein they ſay is much

much treasure, but they shew none of it: nature hath only discovered to them some mines of coals, to shew to what end he created them.

I see little grass but in their pottage: the thistle is not given them of nought, for it is the fairest flower in their garden. The word hay is heathen Greek unto them; neither man nor beast knows what it means.

Corn is reasonable plenty at this time; for since they heard of the king's coming, it hath been as unlawful for the common people to eat wheat, as it was in the old time for any but the priests to eat shew bread. They prayed much for his coming, and long fasted for his welfare; but in the more plain sense, that he might fare the better, all his followers were welcome, but his guard; for those, they say, are like *Pharaoh*'s lene kine, and threaten dearth wheresoever they come: they could persuade the footmen that oaten cakes would make them long-winded; and the children of the chapel they have brought to eat them for the maintenance of their voices.

They say our cooks are too saucy; and for grooms and coachmen, they wish them to give to their horses no worse than they eat themselves; they commend the brave minds of the pensioners, and the gentlemen of the bedchamber, which choose rather to go to taverns than

then to be always eating of the king's proviſion; they likewiſe do commend the yeomen of the buttery and cellar, for their readineſs and ſilence, in that they will hear twenty knocks before they will anſwer one. They perſuade the trumpeters, that faſting is good for men of that quality; for emptineſs they ſay cauſes wind, and wind cauſes a trumpet to ſound well.

The bringing of heraulds, they ſay, was a needleſs charge; they all know their pedigrees well enough; and the harbingers might have been ſpared, ſithence they brought ſo many beds with them; and of two evils, ſince the leaſt ſhould be choſen, they wiſh the beds might remain with them, and the poor harbingers keep their places, and do their office as they return: his hangings, they deſire might likewiſe be left as reliques, to put them in minde of his majeſtie; and they promiſe to diſpenſe with the wooden images; but for thoſe graven images in his new beautiful chapel, they threaten to pull down ſoon after his departure, and to make of them a burnt-offering to appeaſe the indignation they imagined conceived againſt them in the breaſt of the Almighty, for ſuffering ſuch idolatry to enter into their kingdom: the organ, I think, will

finde mercy, becauſe, as they ſay, there is ſome affinity between them and the bagpipes.

The ſhipper that brought the ſinging-men with their papiſtical veſtments, complains that he hath been much troubled with a ſinging in his head ever ſince they came a board his ſhip; for remedy whereof the parſon of the pariſh hath perſuaded him to ſell that prophane veſſel, and to diſtribute the money among the faithful brethren.

For his majeſty's entertainment, I muſt needs ingenuouſly confeſs, he was received into the pariſh of *Edenberg* (for a city I cannot call it) with great ſhouts of joy, but no ſhews of charge for pageants: they hold them idolatrous things, and not fit to be uſed in ſo reformed a place. From the caſtle they gave him ſome pieces ordnance, which ſurely he gave them ſince he was king of *England*; and at the entrance of the town they preſented him with a golden baſon, which was carried before him on men's ſhoulders to his palace, I think, from whence it came: his majeſty was conveyed by the younkers of the town, which were ſome hundred halberds (dearly ſhall they rue it in regard to the charge) to the *Croſs*, and ſo to the high church, where the onely bell they had ſtood on tip-toe to behold his ſweet-

face;

face; where I muſt intreat you to ſpare him, for an hour I loſt him.

In the mean time to report the ſpeeches of the people, concerning his never exampled entertainment, were to make this diſcourſe too tedious unto you, as the Sermon was to thoſe that were conſtrained to endure it. After the preachment he was conducted by the ſame halberds unto his palace, of which I forbear to ſpeak, becauſe it was a place ſanctified by his divine majeſty, onely I wiſh it had been better walled, for my friends ſake that waited on him.

Now I will begin briefly to ſpeak of the people, according to their degrees and quaulities; for the lords ſpiritual, they may well be termed ſo indeed, for they are neither fiſh nor fleſh, but what it ſhall pleaſe their earthly god, the king, to make them. Obedience is better than ſacrifice: and therefore they make a mock at martyrdom, ſaying, that Chriſt was to die for them, and not they for him. They will rather ſubſcribe than ſurrender, and rather diſpence with ſmall things than trouble themſelves with great diſputation: they will rather acknowledge the king to be their head, than want wherewith to pamper their bodies.

They have taken great pains and trouble to compaſs their biſhopricks, and they will not

leave them for a trifle; for the deacons whose defects will not lift them up to dignities, all their study is to disgrace them that have got the least degree above them; and because they cannot bishop they proclaim they never heard of any. The scriptures, say they, speak of deacons and elders, but not a word of bishops. Their discourses are full of detraction, their sermons nothing but railing, and their conclusions nothing but heresies and treasons. For their religion they have, I confess they have it above reach, and God willing, I will never reach for it.

They christen without the cross, marry without the ring, receive the sacrament without reverence, die without repentance, and bury without divine service: they keep no holidays, nor acknowledge any Saint but Saint *Andrew*, who they say got that honour by presenting Christ with an oaten cake after his forty days fast. They say likewise he that translated the bible was the son of a malster, because it speaks of a miracle done by barley loaves; whereas they swear they were oaten cakes, and that no other bread of that quantity could have sufficed so many thousands.

They use no prayer at all, for they say it is needless: God knows their mindes without prattling, and what he doth he loves to do it freely.

freely. Their ſabbath's exerciſe is a preaching in the forenoon, and a perſecuting in the afternoon; they go to church in the forenoon to hear the law, to the crags and mountains in the afternoon to l**** themſelves.

They hold their noſes if you talk of bear-baiting, and ſtop their ears if you ſpeak of a play: fornication they hold but a paſtime, wherein man's ability is approved and a woman's fertility diſcovered; at adultery they ſhake their heads; theft they rail at; murder they wink at; and blaſphemy they laugh at: they think it impoſſible to loſe the way to heaven, if they can but leave *Rome* behinde them.

To be oppoſite to the pope is to be preſently with God. To conclude; I am perſuaded that if God and his angels at the laſt day ſhould come down in their whiteſt garments, they would run away, and cry, The children of the chapel are come again to torment us, let us flie from the abomination of theſe boys, and hide ourſelves in the mountains.

For the Lords ſpiritual and temporal, temporizing gentlemen, if I were apt to ſpeak of any I could not ſpeak much of them, onely I muſt let you know they are not Scottiſhmen; for as ſoon as they fall from the breaſt of the beaſt their mother, their careful ſire poſts them

away for *France*, where, as they paſs, the ſea ſucks from them that which they have ſuck'd from their rude dams; there they gather new fleſh, new blood, new manners; and there they learn to put on their cloaths, and then return into their countries to wear them out; there they learn to ſtand, to ſpeak, and to diſcourſe and to congee, to court women, and to compliment with men.

They ſpared no coſt to honour the king, nor for no complimental courteſie to welcome their countrymen; their followers are their fellows, their wives their ſlaves, their horſes their maſters, and their ſwords their judges; by reaſon whereof they have but few laborers, and thoſe not very rich: their parliaments hold but three days, their ſtatutes three lines, and their ſuits are determined in a manner in three words, or very few more, *&c.*

The wonders of their kingdom are theſe; the lord chancellor, he is believed; the maſter of the rolls, well ſpoken of: and the whole counſel, who are the judges for all cauſes, are free from ſuſpicion of corruption. The country, although it be mountainous, affords no monſters but women, of which the greateſt ſort, as counteſſes, and ladies, are kept like lions in iron grates. The merchants wives are alſo priſoners, but not in ſo ſtrong a hold: they

they have wooden cages, like our boar franks, through which, ſometimes peeping to catch the air, we are almoſt choaked with the ſight of them; the greateſt madneſs among the men is jealouſie, in that they fear what no man that hath but two of his ſenſes will take from them.

The ladies are of opinion that *Suſanna* could not be chaſte, becauſe ſhe bathed ſo often. Pride is a thing bred in their bones, and their fleſh naturally abhors cleanlineſs; their breath commonly ſtinks of pottage, their linen of p—ſs, their hands of pigs t—ds, their body of ſweat, and their ſplay-feet never offend in ſocks. To be chained in marriage with one of them were to be tied to a dead carcaſs, and caſt into a ſtinking ditch; formoſity and a dainty face they dream not of.

The ointments they moſt frequently uſe among them are brimſtone and butter for the ſcab, and oil of bays and ſtaveſacre. I proteſt I had rather be the meaneſt ſervant of the two to my pupil's chambermaid, than to be the maſter minion to the faireſt counteſs I have yet diſcovered. The ſin of curioſity of ointments is but newly crept into the kingdom, and I do think will not long continue.

To draw you down by degrees from the citizens wives to the country gentlewomen,

and convey you to common dames in *Sea-coal-lane*, that converſe with rags and marrow-bones, are things of mineral race. Every w—— in *Hounſditch* is an *Helena*; and the greaſy b—— in *Turnball-ſtreet* are *Greekiſh* dames in compariſon of theſe. And therefore to conclude: the men of old did no more wonder that the great *Meſſias* ſhould be born in ſo poor a town as *Bethlem* in *Judea*, than I do wonder that ſo brave a prince as king *James* ſhould be born in ſo ſtinking a town as *Edenburgh*, in l—ſy *Scotland*.

## Numb. XIV. Saturday, Sept. 4, 1762.

Nihil tam *Populare*, quàm *Pacem*, quam concordiam, quàm otium, reperiemus.

We ſhall find nothing ſo popular as peace, reſt, and quiet.
CICERO.

AMONG the various *popular* artifices, which have been in vain employed by a moſt *unpopular* ſet of men, to amuſe and dupe the multitude, not one has been ſo frequent for many months as the induſtrious propagation of the report of the happy dawning of *peace*, which is the great object of every honeſt

honeſt man's wiſhes. It will indeed at this time be doubly welcome; for it will relieve us from the juſt terrors which the continuance of a war, now ſo ill conducted, and the enemies poſſeſſion of *Newfoundland*, have given every good ſubject. I will not dwell upon the probability of future ignominious loſſes which muſt follow, while our affairs are in ſuch weak hands; nor will I mention all my apprehenſions for the infant colony of *Halifax*, becauſe I hope that a *peace* will put a period to all our fears.

At one time emiſſaries of the miniſter have told us that a *peace was as good as concluded*, then, *only little formalities remained to be adjuſted*; now in the fulneſs of time, it is become the firſt article of their political creed, that it is *actually ſigned*, and in *lord Bute*'s pocket. Theſe reports have been circulated with the utmoſt care and induſtry from various motives. Thoſe of a *private* nature, which were calculated for *private* ends, to raiſe or fall our political barometer, the ſtocks, I ſhall not dwell upon. I will mention one of a public concern, and of no ſmall importance. The world has ſeen the total incapacity of the *new miniſter* to carry on a war, and the neglect of *Newfoundland* has filled every thoughtful mind with the moſt uneaſy forebodings of futu-

futurity. The voice of the people has ſaid, that the exiſtence of *his* power depended on the making *peace* with France; and almoſt every expreſs he has received from abroad has demonſtrated the neceſſity of it, and has given lord BUTE the mortification of finding how ill the war went on, and how little confidence our allies have in the preſent miniſter. He has likewiſe experienced the additional chagrin of finding how ardently they wiſh for his predeceſſor. I believe that, next to the conſciouſneſs of having merited the reproaches he meets with, it muſt be the moſt real anguiſh to his mind, (though it is neither noble, nor has great refinements) to know the generous, and free applauſe given to his great adverſary. How often of late has envy and malice ſickened at the glorious teſtimony foreigners have borne to the ſuperior merit of Mr. PITT, and to his unrivalled ability in the conduct of a war!

A miniſter of mean and narrow genius, who finds himſelf embarraſſed in the management of an important war, is from neceſſity drove to aſk *peace* for the preſervation of his own power, and the concealment of his incapacity from his maſter. But the miſchief lies here, that ſuch a miniſter muſt take any *peace* the enemy will give, who knowing that it muſt be

be had, will only grant it on the moſt hard and diſhonourable conditions. This was exactly the ſtate of England at the latter end of queen Anne's reign, after the change of the glorious miniſtry, which had preſerved Europe from the univerſal monarchy of the houſe of *Bourbon*. Our arms had then too *(but only in one quarter of the world)* been crowned with aſtoniſhing ſucceſs. The greateſt harmony prevailed among all the parts of the grand alliance: but GREAT BRITAIN was the *ſoul* of the whole. She did not then withhold her treaſure, becauſe ſhe knew that it was applied to the ſupport of the common cauſe, which I take to be the ruin, or at leaſt the humbling of France. The victory of *Hochſtedt* in that war, as of *Roſbach* in this, broke that formidable power. France was reduced ſo low, as to feel the neceſſity of a *peace*, and to make repeated overtures. Lord *Walpole* reminds me of a modern ſtateſman, when he talks of the *duke of Marlborough's indefatigable activity and deſire to fall upon the French in all places, and on all occaſions*, p. 55. Yet I never heard that the views, even of that amazing genius, extended beyond *Europe*. How is every good man's indignation raiſed, to find that *his moſt glorious deſigns were likewiſe defeated by a* contemptible *faction* of artful men, who had undermined him

him at court, and ruined him in the opinion of his ſovereign, though they could not rob him of the hearts of the people! On the alteration of the miniſtry, how was the ſcene changed! A peace became neceſſary for the private views of the new managers, and was to be had on any terms. They, after the ſplendor of ſuch victories, *humbled* themſelves before the proudeſt monarch in *Europe*, and *begged* peace of him. An Engliſhman can ſcarcely read without tears the hiſtory of our infamy during that whole negociation of a *Tory* miniſtry. All the glories of that war were tarniſhed by the ſhameful peace of *Utrecht*; which the two miniſterial ſcribblers of theſe times are every week applauding, and, I fear, moſt ominouſly, giving out as a precedent to this age. The French at laſt recovered from their panic; their ſpirit revived on the change of the miniſtry, and the abbot POLIGNAC ſaid careleſly, *Ce que nous perdrons en Flandres, nous gagnerons en Angleterre*. There are many things remarkably ſtriking in this period, which, I think, come home to the preſent Times. I ſhall mention a few, and ſhall give the moſt unexceptionable teſtimony, that of *lord Walpole* of *Woolterton*, who was in 1709, at the Hague, ſecretary to the Britiſh embaſſy for negociating a peace.

" The

" The miniſtry and meaſures were changed; " the reverſe of that honeſt and uſeful princi- " ple of preſerving *union* and *harmony* among " the confederates, ſoon took place, and was " productive of thoſe fatal conſequences that " were obvious and natural. A ſhameful and " unprovoked ſeparation from our allies put " it into the power of *reduced France* to dictate " the terms of peace to her *victorious* enemies: " terms not only ignominious and unjuſt to our " *friends*, but even thoſe granted to ourſelves, " inſtead of ſecuring any particular advantages " as a recompence for the ſacrifice we made " of our allies and of our honour, if any " thing could be a recompenſe for ſo baſe a be- " haviour, were detrimental to the intereſt, " trade, and ſafety of this nation." P. 128.

" This digreſſion ſerves to point out the " true and original cauſe of that ſcene in- " iquity and treachery, which followed the " alteration of the miniſtry. P. 129. By a " plauſible appearance of a diſpoſition for " *peace*, he, the French king, not only quieted " the minds of his people, whoſe clamours, " from their miſerable conditions, had been " loud, but he wrought them up to a zeal " to ſupport him." P. 151.

" They, the French, had got *into a negocia-* " *tion with our miniſtry:* they did not doubt

" but

" but the advantages they ſhould reap from " thence, would more than recompence the " loſſes they had ſuffered by the duke of Marl- " borough's arms." P. 199.

" All theſe hopeful expectations of *reaping* " *the fruit of ſo much blood and treaſure*, were " blaſted and confounded on a ſudden, by the " prevailing intrigues of a faction, compoſed " of ſome few ambitious and deſigning men. " Theſe new projectors, impatient to ſucceed " and ſupport themſelves in their places, " broke through the barriers of honour, ho- " neſty, and good faith; and giving up all " concern, not only for the intereſt of our " friends, but of their own country, without " any other motive or provocation than that " of ſatisfying their wicked and aſpiring views " at any rate, and in order to bring in the " Pretender, flung themſelves into the arms of " France." P. 8.

" That far from ſteadily inſiſting upon, as " before this *unaccountable change* it was prac- " ticable, and in their power to have done, " terms of peace agreeable to treaties, and to " the principles upon which thoſe treaties were " founded, they were forced to receive the law " from her, and accept of ſuch conditions as " ſhe ſhould condeſcend to give to us and our " allies; and while we ſhamefully abandoned " them,

" them, far from obtaining, as we pretended, " particular advantages to this nation, as a " satisfaction for our having borne the chief " burden of the war; what was peculiarly " granted to us was calculated to dazzle the " eyes of the unthinking multitude, being of " no benefit to us, but productive, as they " afterwards proved, of new troubles in Eu- " rope." P. 9.

" France, in this distracted condition of her " affairs, both at home and abroad, to appease " the clamour of her miserable subjects, to " make the allies more slack and remiss in " their warlike preparations, and to create, if " possible, jealousies and divisions among them, " had recourse to all imaginable arts and in- " trigues to make the belief of an approaching " *peace* generally prevail." P. 122.

These passages are faithfully extracted from *An answer to the latter part of lord Bolinbroke's letters on the study of history, by the late lord Walpole of Woolterton*, which has been printed by the present lord Walpole, and given only to his friends: but I hope that so useful a work will not be kept long from the public*.

Much art has been used to prepare the minds of men for this long-expected *peace*, and many

* The impatience of the public for this valuable work has since been obligingly gratified.

curious

curious doctrines have been promulgated to quiet our ſcruples with regard to ſome articles ſaid to be contained in it, which ſtrike equally at the intereſt and honour of the nation. The BRITON tells us, *that no ſtate can be bound by any treaty, which ſhall turn out manifeſtly prejudicial to its intereſt, becauſe it is always ſuppoſed that every engagement of this nature is contracted with a view to ſelf-preſervation or public advantage.* Is this the *good faith* for which England has ever been celebrated? I will venture to ſay, that there is no doctrine more wicked, more calculated to deſtroy the moſt ſacred ties, than this now laid down by this advocate of the preſent miniſtry. This is beyond *Machiavelian* politics. Nothing in the famous *Morale des Jeſuites* comes up to it. He applies this doctrine to the king of Pruſſia, whom his *ſovereign* calls our *ally*, and *he* ſtiles a *royal freebooter*; but he ought to have known that the king of Pruſſia himſelf has nobly refuted the poor ſophiſms of the *antimoraliſts* he admires, and in his writings, as well as by his practice, has proved that *good faith* and a *religious obſervation of treaties*, is equally the clear duty and intereſt of all princes. No man but the BRITON ever held ſuch infamous doctrine in a civilized nation. It would diſgrace the moſt barbarous ſavages in America. Lewis the XIVth acting through

through a long wicked life by this maxim of the BRITON's, that *he was no longer bound by any treaty, than he found it for his own intereſt to be ſo*, was of conſequence deteſted as infamous in his own age, and is branded by poſterity as the moſt perjured prince on record. The BRITON ſays, *it is a maxim adopted by civilians.* It is then only by *Scottiſh civilians*, or perhaps by a few unprincipled advocates of our own at *Doctors Commons*, who cooked up the artful affidavits, which ſome infamous *Monte Chriſti* traders (for they deſerve not the honourable name of *merchants*) perſuaded their agents, &c. to make in this war. Has it indeed been the regular practice of the Scottiſh nation, and is it therefore miſtaken for a part of their law? Or is it to be a part of the new *Scots law*, which the AUDITOR mentions? I ſhould like to ſee this very moral *Codex Buteanus*, illuſtrated with the *German* commentaries of *count Mansfeldt*, that *accompliſhed civilian*, and juſtly renowned, not ſo much indeed for nervous, manly ſenſe, as for ſpinning the moſt curious webs of artful ſophiſtry, finer and ſlighter than the very *Goſſamer*. I dare ſay that by one of his *beautiful reaſonings* on the chapter of *wills*, we ſhall find it deduced, that, if an immenſe property ſhould be wickedly left by a father in his dotage, from an only *Engliſh* ſon

into a *Scotſman*'s family, the *Scotſman* may, conſiſtent with honour and conſcience, keep the whole, yet endeavour to pervert and entirely change the clear will and intention of his great benefactor, divert the golden ſtream of *Pactolus* into another channel, for his own ſelfiſh purpoſes, and make uſe of every art, and all kind of influence, to attain ſo righteous an end.

I have heard of a *quaint* declaration of the miniſter to his friends, that *he thinks he ſees through a peace*. What is to be underſtood by ſo ſtrange a phraſe I ſhall ſcarcely take upon me to determine. Is the *peace* of ſo ſlight and flimſy a contexture, that the artifice of it is eaſily *ſeen through?* Or does it mean that a peace ſo patched, is *ſeen through*, becauſe it can have no permanency? I will conſider this phraſe more at large, when it is, as tranſlators always ſay, *made* or *done into Engliſh*; for I am not obliged to underſtand the language of a *foreign miniſter*, nor will I learn it, when it is barbarous and uncouth.

As the negociation is ſoon to be opened in form, I rejoice to hear that the adminiſtration is ſo fortunate in the choice of a noble perſonage, who has *condeſcended* to go on the part of England, not to *ſign*, but *to treat of a peace*. His grace's happy temper, his winning manner, and obliging deportment, will ſoon ſecure him

him the hearts of the *French* as entirely as they did the hearts of the *Iriſh*, who lived ſo bleſſed under his government. I hope for this purpoſe that his old ſecretary, the *learned* maſter of the rolls, is to attend the embaſſy. I am ſatisfied that the *French* will approve our choice, and that there will be the trueſt harmony between them. His grace has been pleaſed to declare, that he *wept over our victories*, ſo have the *French:* there may therefore be a full chorus of *ſighs and groans* between them: and when their tears are dried up, I ſuppoſe they will *laugh* together at our loſs of *Newfoundland*. I will venture to prophecy, that on the *noble duke's wiſhed-for* return to his native country, he will be attended to the *Gallic* ſhore by at leaſt as great crowds of *Frenchmen*, ſhrugging their ſhoulders, as he was to the *Iriſh ſhore* by the *men, women and children of that country, all diſſolved in tears.*

One particular I beg leave to ſuggeſt. In common policy the *nakedneſs* of our land ſhould rather be concealed by his grace abroad; for though it is very encouraging to the nation, and highly proper in a houſe of parliament, and in all companies here, to repreſent this country as totally exhauſted, and unable to proceed at all with the war, yet in France this ſame language, held by a miniſter ſent to *treat*

*of a peace*, might be no ſmall argument againſt the glorious terms of it, which the unparalleled ſucceſſes of the war give the nation the juſteſt right to expect.

## Numb. XV. Saturday, Sept. 11, 1762.

Oſtentabant Piſoni nutantes Gallias, paratam Germaniam, pericula ipſius, et *pace ſuſpecta tutius bellum*.

When we are ſurrounded with danger and confuſion, an open war is preferable to a ſuſpected peace.

THERE is ſcarcely any circumſtance in life more provoking than to be broke in upon when a man is deeply engaged in an affair of real moment and of a ſerious nature, by ſome ſtupid fellow, and interrupted with his inſipid raillery on a trifling ſubject. Such an impertinent companion have we all found the AUDITOR laſt week. When the moſt general alarm prevailed every where, of *preliminaries* being actually ſigned, ſo injurious to the honour of the nation, ſo inadequate to the ſucceſſes of this glorious war, he, mal-a-propos, ſtepped forth, and inſtead of endeavouring to quiet our fears, and to pour balm into our bleeding

bleeding wounds, gives us a long tedious paper of *toaſting healths*. Amidſt the univerſal murmurings and diſcontents of the people, from the ſuſpicion that ſo many of our glorious conqueſts, purchaſed with ſo much blood and treaſure, were to be given up to our antient enemy, at length ſo weakened and reduced, this *mauvais plaiſant* endeavoured in vain to raiſe a laugh by his low buffoonry and jeſts, equally *ſtale* and *ill-timed*, on *fox-hunters* and *country 'ſquires*. Is this ribaldry to ſerve inſtead of obſervations on the great buſineſs, to which the * *under*-ſecretary of ſtate's letter to the city of *London* called our particular regard, and on which indeed every eye was before fixed with ſo much attention?

This miniſterial advocate muſt in vain expect to turn our thoughts from what we all feel to be of the trueſt national importance. The alarm is univerſal, and can only be calmed, if indeed it can be calmed, by authentic information of what is concealed ſo myſteriouſly from the world. For though Mr. *Wood*'s letter only ſays, that the duke of *Bedford* is ſent to *treat of a peace*, the public report, as yet uncontradicted, has given the moſt important ar-

* Neither of the ſecretaries of ſtate condeſcended on this occaſion to write to the city of *London*.

ticles of it, which have raiſed the indignation of the people. I hope in due time we ſhall be favoured with lord *Egremont's firſt* as well as *ſome few* ſubſequent letters on this great occaſion.

I cannot but remark the wonderful difference between the ſentiments of mankind now, during the preſent negotiation, and what they were while we were treating with France a few months ago. The *war* againſt the common enemy was then carried on in all parts with amazing vigour and ſucceſs, during that whole negotiation, ſo *ſuſpicious* on the part of France; no conqueſts were made on us, but the French empire was *mouldering* away; a moſt entire harmony prevailed through the nation; the utmoſt confidence was placed in the miniſter; and no man was alarmed at a treaty's going on with France, becauſe the nation and its allies thought their intereſts ſafe in thoſe hands. We ourſelves entertained no fears, nor had our allies any ſuſpicions of the want of that *good faith* for which the crown of *England* has in all ages been celebrated. The infamous doctrine of the wretch, who ſcribbles under the *royal arms*, had not then been broached in this country. The nation was unanimous in opinion, that an *open* and *ſpirited war* was a ſtate of greater ſecurity, than an *inſidious*,

*fidious*, *inglorious*, and *uncertain peace*. *Newfoundland* was not then in the hands of our enemy, a plea with monſieur *Buſſy* for any conceſſions inconſiſtent with our honour, or our moſt important intereſts, our *fiſhery* and *navy*. The preſent time of our negotiating, when we have juſt received ſo fatal, ſo ſtunning a blow, I am afraid forebodes no good. Had we recovered ſo important an object firſt, with what higher dignity ſhould we have entered into a negotiation, which now rather betrays our fears, than portends our obtaining thoſe great terms which all Europe demands for us, as the juſt price of peace to be paid to England by a *vanquiſhed* and late *diſpirited* enemy! I fear a negotiation at this criſis will rather ſeem to be calculated to ſave what remains of our old empire, than to preſerve what the late miniſtry conquered from the proud rivals of our trade and commerce. The duke of Bedford will now have the *retort courteous* of *Newfoundland fiſhery*, *navy*, in return for what his grace may ſay of *Quebec*, *Pondicherry*, *&c.*

What pains has the poor AUDITOR taken to divert our attention, and how has he laboured to relieve us from theſe melancholy objects, which he ſees prey on our ſpirits? Not a ſyllable of *Newfoundland*, or the new *treaty of peace*, but a moſt tedious diſſertation on

the *Romans*, *Germans*, *Thracians*, *&c. &c.* and their convivial entertainments! I believe he is no great *Greek*, or it would be ſtrange he could omit all mention of the moſt *polite* and *elegant* nation the world ever ſaw, who were ſo given to indulge in all the ſprightly ſallies which wine inſpires, that *pergræcari* is the very phraſe even the Roman authors uſe; and Plautus very fully explains it, *dies noctesque bibite*, PERGRÆCAMINI. Even the word *ſympoſium*, which the AUDITOR always uſes, is the *Greek* term; for Tully remarks, in honour of his countrymen, that the Roman word was *convivium*, which better expreſſed the *accubatio epularis amicorum, quòd vitæ conjunctionem haberet.* He is not, however, very accurate even as to the *Romans*, though he gives us ſuch long inſipid paſſages from the dull commentators, who for ever diſgrace the bottom of the *white claſſic page*. He would perſuade us that no *party diviſions* were in their drinking clubs, and no *political toaſts* drank; but I am ſatisfied of the contrary from *Horace*, who in his fine ode to *Auguſtus* concludes the politics of the times, *Quis Parthum paveat? Quis gelidum Scythen, Quis Germaniam*, &c. with

——— *dicimus integro*
*Sicci mane die, dicimus uvidi,*
*Cum ſol oceano ſubeſt.*

Even

Even old *Cato*'s virtue, I am satisfied, was frequently known *mero incaluisse* to good patriot toasts; and had a citizen the merit of conquering the capitals of the Gauls in two quarters of the globe would not *that great Roman's heart have been thirsty for the noble pledge of his health?* and would he not have *filled till the wine over-swelled the cup*, as Shakespeare says? Were the name of the patriot or hero unluckily so short as to admit but of four *cyathi*, according to their rule, a *Roman wit* would have tacked an *Asiaticus* or *Africanus* to it, and have tried in such a cause, on a *festus dies*, to have *burnt out night's tapers*, and have sat up till morning, to behold the noble *Claude Lorraine* of nature, the most glorious sight of the whole creation, *jocund day standing tiptoe on the misty mountain's top*. I am persuaded however, that no *arbiter bibendi* could have made a true *Roman* crown the bowl to a *Consul*, who had lost an important *Roman* colony, or to an oppressive and insolent governor of *Sicily*.

As to myself, I declare I have so much of the *Greek* and *Roman* spirit in me, that I should not hesitate a moment to prefer *pledging* PATRIOT *toasts* with a set of sensible and spirited friends of their country, in *Surry*, *Sussex*, or *Buckinghamshire*, to the drinking *chocolate* with a weak, passionate, and insolent secretary of state

ſtate, on the very expenſive terms that it was given, together with wonderful good advice, laſt week, by lord *Egremont*, to Mr. *Charles Say*, the printer of the Gazetteer. I will only tell his lordſhip, that if he means to give *chocolate* to every *Engliſhman*, who declares his ſuſpicions of what the miniſtry are doing, all the ſugar iſlands together, if we are ſuffered to retain them, will not hold out a ſingle month in furniſhing that commodity.

If the *French* take *Placentia*, or *Halifax*, the *Auditor* has ſo much ſtirred the antiquities of that *amiable* nation, that I ſuppoſe he will divert us with another paper on his favourites, the *Jews*, and will, from ſuch *reading as was never read* by any man of ſpirit and ſenſe, inform us whether they begun the cuſtom of *toaſting* before or after the *Babyloniſh captivity*, and what toaſts, which are now drank in CHRISTENDOM, they adopt, or are likely to adopt, *one hundred years hence*, varying only the mode of expreſſion. Or ſhall we rather, in his *quaint* phraſe, have ſomething *muſe-like* to divert us? I hope it will be ſomething more *muſe-like*, more like ſome one of the *nine*, than the barren muſe of the *Deſart Iſle*, or the wretched *Orphan of China*. Or will this *profligate player* give us a *pantomime*, or a *paſt*, *vamped*, *future*, *old revived*, *new* tragedy, and moſt

moſt ingeniouſly contrive, like Tantalus, to murder even his own miſerable offſpring? Will he be *Counſellor*, *Author*, *Manager*, *Pimp*, *Poet*, or *Player?*

But this *Proteus* ſhall at preſent give place to a worthy correſpondent, who I find has no more inclination than myſelf to drink *chocolate* with lord *Egremont*, even on the moſt preſſing compliments of Mr. *Carrington*, who is not apt to take a denial, when he finds a gentleman at home.

TO THE

AUTHOR of the NORTH BRITON.

SIR,

I LATELY gave information by a letter to the *Gazetteer*, under the name of *Piſcator*, of ſome circumſtances relative to the capture of St. John's, which I found on my arrival were not known in England. Theſe were publiſhed Wedneſday, Auguſt the 25th, but the next day were contradicted, it was ſaid, on good authority, as being without foundation. I wrote two other letters, and yeſterday was publiſhed the following extraordinary article. "Whilſt our correſpondent, *Piſcator*, who

"wrote

" wrote about Newfoundland, chuſes to con-
" ceal himſelf under that character, it would
" be highly improper for us, in this public
" manner, to ſay more than that it is impoſ-
" ſible for us to inſert his third letter." This ſeems plainly to intimate that the authority on which he contradicted my information was from the miniſtry, who obliged him to apologize for what he had already ſaid, as being too true for the public knowledge.

Now I have ſuffered too much already in my private fortune, by the capture of St. *John*'s, to be willing to expoſe myſelf to be hampered by thoſe in power, merely for telling truth; I therefore ſit down to relate the above circumſtances to you, for you to make uſe of them, as your better prudence and experience ſhall ſuggeſt, for the information of the public. As to the truth of them, I have already and do again deſire no better teſtimony, than to appeal to the many witneſſes who are now in England, who were at St. *John*'s at its ſurrender, and are arrived ſome in private ſhips, and others in the *cartel* ſhip. If I have ſaid any thing untrue, it would be very eaſy for them in a public manner to demonſtrate my falſehoods; but however willing they may be to preſs their fingers on their lips, through prudence, I am much miſtaken if any of them

them would publicly ſet their names to the falſity of things known for truth by all the inhabitants of St. *John*'s. I am not unacquainted with the French commandant, a man well known in thoſe parts, and deſervedly eſteemed as well for his worthy qualities, as eſpecially for his humanity to our countrymen after our defeat before Quebec. At St. *John*'s he gave another inſtance of the ſame by deſiring ſome of the inhabitants to come to his camp, to ſee the thouſand grenadiers he had landed, and thereby preſerve the town from plunder and the conſequences of a ſtorm. On his arrival in town, he publicly declared that he knew the ſmall number of the garriſon, which remained there; which, according to the report of thoſe I met at *New-York*, did not exceed *forty*. This is in ſome meaſure confirmed by the *Paris* Gazette, which makes it but *ſixty-three*, excluſive of the crew of the *Gramont*; and, we imagine, for the honour of their conqueſt, they have eked out the liſt as much as poſſible. I make little doubt that our next advices from *Newfoundland* will confirm another part of my information, namely, that *Placentia* is ſtill in our poſſeſſion, which, if it had no better garriſon originally than St. *John*'s, muſt juſt as well have fallen too, as the *French* have there full 1500 men, beſides the crews

of

of their ships, and well knew that we had no naval force at *Halifax*, nor could any arrive to annoy them sooner than from *England*. If *Placentia* should fall too, we shall then judge, whether what I have further said be without foundation or not, by the number of prisoners which the French account shall report to have made there.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

*Sept.* 2. PISCATOR.

I have read the celebrated letter from *Wandsworth*, which has been circulated with so much industry for the two last days. It is a mixture of absurdity and inconsistency. The author says that he *writes without any particular information*; yet soon after *takes for granted, that the Peace now offered by France and Spain united is* in many respects *better, and* in no respect *worse, than the peace, which was so near being concluded the last year*. How comes he to *take this for granted*, for by his own account, the declaration of the administration is very *general*, and therefore I think highly *suspicious!* He declares *that the terms now offered are much more favourable to Britain than those that were the foundation of the treaty last year*. Was the *peace offered to us*, or was it not *humbly asked by us?* He very dexterously passes over the important

chang:

change in the courts of *Ruſſia* and *Sweden*, no longer hoſtile to us, or our allies; the conqueſt of *Martinique*, perhaps the *Havannah*, *&c.* which have happened ſince the negotiation begun laſt year: and ſpeaks with great tenderneſs of the *cruel taxation* in *France*. He then calls on the *enemies of peace* to *contradict him, that there is no likelihood of compelling France to ſubmit to terms better for us than thoſe now offered by another campaign*. I really believe not, if his blundering friends are to continue our managers. But who are theſe enemies of peace? Does he mean the city of *London*, becauſe he affirms *the capital derives peculiar advantages from the war?* I have not heard of any man ſuch an *enemy* to his country, as not to wiſh for *peace*; but it is not any *peace*; it muſt be a *ſafe* and *honourable peace*, adequate to the ſucceſſes of the war; and whoever dares to make any other *peace*, I hope every good Engliſhman will ſtand forth, and drag him, even from behind the throne, ſhould he take ſhelter there, to receive the juſt puniſhment of ſo great treachery to his injured country.

## Numb. XVI. Saturday, Sept. 18, 1762.

Still nod the plumage o'er the brainleſs head,
Still o'er the faithleſs heart the ribbon ſpread.
WHITEHEAD's Manners.

## TO THE NORTH BRITON.

SIR,

I BEG pardon for the uſe of ſo unfaſhionable a word, but I muſt ſay that I am an *Engliſhman*. I now prefer that word to *Briton*, becauſe there is lately eſtabliſhed in my neighbourhood a club, conſiſting intirely of *Scottiſh* gentlemen and the *Scottiſh* tradeſmen they deal with, who affect always to call themſelves *Britons*. There is beſides a very mean writer, who is every week endeavouring, with much ſucceſs, to make the word *Briton* as univerſally ridiculous, as *Cibber*, and his ſimple ſucceſſor, have the word *Ode*, which no man of taſte at this hour hears pronounced without laughing.

I do not mean, Sir, to dwell on words. I call myſelf an *Engliſhman*, becauſe it is the term the natives of my country generally uſe; and I am proud that from their innate valour and intrepidity

trepidity it has been as much honoured and dreaded, as ever that of *Roman* was. I might add, that whole empires, where the *Roman eagle never flew*, have revered the name of *England*, and *crouched to our lion*. My heart too is *intirely Engliſh*, and like that of a good citizen, has *rejoiced* over every victory my brave countrymen have gained. With what triumph did I read the Spaniſh miniſter's declaration, *That the court of London was in the moſt flouriſhing and moſt exalted ſituation it had ever known, occaſioned by the greateſt ſeries of proſperities that any ſingle nation had ever met with!* This was, I think, in Auguſt laſt, under the late *ſpirited and ſucceſsful* adminiſtration. But ever ſince the loſs of *Newfoundland*, I am afraid to enquire, becauſe I am certain I ſhould bluſh to hear the ſentiments of foreigners concerning us.

But, Sir, our greateſt glory is, that we have an *Engliſh king* on the throne, with the beſt diſpoſitions, and the warmeſt deſires of making us happy under his mild government. He is truly the delight of his people, and we juſtly pride ourſelves in being governed by a prince who makes the laws the rule of his actions. His throne is founded in juſtice and mercy. He has not waded through blood to it, nor has he ſince ſtained it with the fouleſt mur-

der*. I hope there- fore that *his* reign will be long and prosperous, and that he will continue enthroned in the hearts of his subjects. May he never lose the smallest share of our regard and affections by an ill-placed confidence in a weak or wicked minister, whose interest it may become in future time to alienate his sovereign from all his *old* and *faithful* servants, in order to recommend his own creatures, however *suspected* they may be even in affection and fidelity to his master's family, and despicable in the eyes of their country!

I am, Sir, so much of an *Englishman*, that I most ardently love my country, and mean to *spend all my days in it*. I must own too that I warmly enter into all the honest prejudices of my countrymen. I despise the *cordon bleu* of France, and think *the most noble order of the garter* is the only order in Europe really to be valued. I have been out of humour for a week, that I cannot have the happiness of seeing my sovereign, in all the pomp and dignity the august ceremonies of the *installation* at Windsor are so soon to call for, to the admiration of my countrymen. I should be highly gratified also to see another prince of the house of *Brunswick*, enrolled

* See Number X.

with

with the greateſt names of this and of almoſt every other civilized nation; with our *Henries* and *Edwards*, with *Francis the Firſt*, and *Henry the Fourth* of France, *Guſtavus Adolphus* of Sweden, &c. I really think this *moſt noble order* will itſelf derive the trueſt luſtre from every additional name of the *Brunſwick* family, becauſe they have ever been the patrons of liberty in ſo conſpicuous a manner, as to be *beyond all Greek, beyond all Roman fame*; and have ſo nobly anſwered thoſe great ends for which they were called to the imperial crown of theſe realms, the preſervation of the ſacred rights of this people. I wiſh, therefore, that the heir to the crown, and, I hope, to the patriot virtues of his family, even thus early, had the *blue ribbon*; or that at leaſt *one had been reſerved for him*. I cannot but look upon that given to the *Scot*, as fitter for a *Prince of Wales*; and I ſhould have had true ſatisfaction in ſeeing the youngeſt prince of a family, to whom we owe our invaluable liberties, adorned with the enſigns of this *Engliſh* order. I own my indignation riſes on this occaſion, and is only equalled by my grief, at another *Stuart*'s being inſtalled in *St. George's Chapel*. We have ſuffered enough by the whole: but I find we are for ever at leaſt to be reminded of them. I have heard of a vain inſcription at the family

ſeat of *Mount-Stuart*, *Not they from kings but kings from them.* Is this the ſubject of panegyric? Are theſe the benefactors of mankind, the guardians of the liberties of their country and of Europe, which the *Naſſau* and *Brunſwick* race have cemented with their blood? If we are to judge of the ſtem, by what has proceeded from it, a ſeries of cowardly and mercileſs tyrants, then it is indeed moſt accurſed; and I will affirm, becauſe the Engliſh hiſtory proves it, that it had been happier for this country, if every *Male Stuart had been ſtrangled in the birth.* Each reign of that family was one continued attack on our laws and conſtitution. Since the acceſſion of the moſt illuſtrious houſe of *Brunſwick*, our liberties and the excellent conſtitution of this country have been revered by the ſovereign, equally with the moſt favourite branch of his prerogative. No one inſtance can be alledged of an Engliſhman's ſuffering, but from the juſt ſentence of his country, ſince the auſpicious dawn of the firſt of Auguſt 1714. I will therefore, as an *Engliſhman*, reverence the name of *Brunſwick*, and hold in eternal contempt and infamy that of *Stuart*.

I obſerve that the *garter* has been the gift of virtue to her ſons, for noble actions againſt the enemy, *the Gaul ſubdued*, or for the bleſ-

ſings

ſings of concord and harmony reſtored among the citizens at home, or for manly worth, ſuperior gifts of underſtanding, and unſpotted virtue. I will not now invidiouſly point out under which claſs I would rank the *Scottiſh Knight elect*, becauſe I think he has an *equal* right to all; only I will obſerve, that the ſtatutes of the *order* expreſly require him to be *without reproach*. But I regret exceedingly that the *Knight elect* did not keep to the northern *order* of his own *countrymen*, which he might have done without the leaſt envy; and really there would be at preſent a peculiar propriety in it, from two very ſtrong reaſons, which I ſhall leave my reader to find out from *Elias Aſhmole*, that important but rather tedious *Windſor herald and hiſtorian. The order of St. Andrew, or the Thiſtle, in Scotland, is rereported by* John Leſley, *biſhop of* Roſs, *to take beginning from a bright croſs in heaven, in faſhion of that whereon St. Andrew ſuffered martyrdom, which appeared to* Hunſtus *king of the* Picts *(and to the* Scots, *whom* Achaius *king of* Scotland *ſent to his aſſiſtance) the night preceding the battle with* Athelſtan, *king of* England, OVER WHOM PREVAILING, *they went in ſolemn proceſſion to the* Kirk *of St.* Andrew, *to thank God and his apoſtle for their victory, promiſing that they and their poſterity would* ever *bear the figure*

*of that croſs in their enſigns and banners.* Or if the reader chuſes to aſcribe it to the old allies of the Scots, the perfidious *French*, rather than to their ancient enemies the *Engliſh*, *Aſhmole* is ſtill my Authority. He ſays, from *Menenius*, *There are ſome that refer the inſtitution of the Thiſtle to the reign of Charles the Seventh, king of* France, WHEN THE AMITY WAS RENEWED BETWEEN BOTH KINGDOMS; that is, between France and Scotland.

At the election of a Knight into our *moſt noble order*, I think the inveſtiture is made with the *Garter and George*, but the *Star* is not worn till the day of *inſtallation*. All the *trivial, fond records* of the *garter* are filled with pompous accounts of the brightneſs of the *ſtar*, and the irradiated virtues pourtrayed by it. I ſhall not tire myſelf with tranſcribing any of them; nor will I mention the miſeries which the new *aurora borealis* is thought to portend to this country, and which we already begin to feel. That *ignis fatuus of glory* (for ſuch is the baſe phraſe of the BRITON) I ſhould hope, is almoſt burnt out. I will, only for a little while, adviſe the *little ſtars to hide their diminiſhed rays.* I ſhall conclude with four very good lines, written by a very mean author, the laſt of which would be a moſt excellent motto for the *order*.

Yet

Yet if beneath no real virtue reign,
On the gay coat the *ſtar* is but a *ſtain:*
For could I whiſper in his lordſhip's ear,
Worth *only beams true radiance on the* STAR.

## Numb. XVII. Saturday, Sept. 25, 1762.

Its proper power to hurt each creature feels,
Bulls aim their horns, and aſſes lift their heels.

POPE.

THE humourous Mr. *Hogarth*, the *ſuppoſed* author of the *Analyſis of beauty*, has at laſt entered the liſt of politicians, and given us a print of THE TIMES. *Words are man's province*, ſays *Pope*, but they are not Mr. *Hogarth*'s province. He ſomewhere mentions his being indebted to a friend for a third part of the *wording:* that is his phraſe. We all titter the inſtant he takes up a *pen*, but we tremble when we ſee the *pencil* in his hand. I will do him the juſtice to ſay, that he poſſeſſes the rare talent of gibbeting in colours, and that in moſt of his works he has been a very good moral ſatiriſt. His fort is there, and he ſhould have kept it. When he has at any time deviated from *his own peculiar walk*, he has never failed to make himſelf perfectly

ridiculous. I need only make my appeal to any one of his *hiſtorical* or *portrait* pièces, which are now conſidered as almoſt beneath all criticiſm. The favourite *Sigiſmunda*, the labour of ſo many years, the boaſted effort of his art, was not *human*. If the figure had a reſemblance of any thing ever on earth, or had the leaſt pretence to meaning or expreſſion, it was what he had ſeen, or perhaps made, in real life, his own wife in an agony of paſſion; but of what paſſion no connoiſſeur could gueſs. All his friends remember what tireſome diſcourſes were held by him day after day about the tranſcendent merit of it, and how the great names of *Raphael*, *Vandyke*, and others, were made to yield the palm of beauty, grace, expreſſion, *&c.* to him, for this long laboured, yet ſtill, *unintereſting*, ſingle figure. The value he himſelf ſet on this, as well as on ſome other of his works, almoſt exceeds belief; yet from politeneſs or fear, or ſome other motives, he has actually been paid the moſt aſtoniſhing ſums, as the price, not of his merit, but of his unbounded vanity.

The darling paſſion of Mr. *Hogarth* is to ſhew the *faulty* and *dark* ſide of every object. He never gives us in perfection the *fair face of nature*, but admirably well holds out her deformities to ridicule. The reaſon is plain.

All

All objects are painted on his *retina* in a grotesque manner, and he has never felt the force of what the French call *la belle nature*. He never caught a single idea of beauty, grace, or elegance; but on the other hand he never missed the least flaw in almost any production of nature or of art. This is his true character. He has succeeded very happily in the way of humour, and has miscarried in every other attempt. This has arose in some measure from his head, but much more from his heart. After *marriage à-la-mode* the public wished for a series of prints of a *happy* marriage. *Hogarth* made the attempt, but the rancour and malevolence of his mind made him very soon turn with envy and disgust from objects of so pleasing contemplation, to dwell and feast a bad heart on others of a hateful cast, which he pursued, for he found them congenial, with the most unabating zeal, and unrelenting gall.

I have observed for some time his *setting sun*. He has long been very *dim*, and almost *shorn of his beams*. He seems so conscious of this, that he now glimmers with *borrowed light*. *John Bull's house in flames* has been hackney'd in fifty different prints; and if there is any merit in the figure or stilts, and the mob

prancing

prancing around, it is not to be aſcribed to *Hogarth* but to *Callot*. That ſpirited *Italian*, whom the *Engliſh* painter has ſo carefully ſtudied, has given us in the *Balli di Sfeſſania di Jacomo Callot*, the very ſame ideas, but infinitely more ludicrous in the execution. The piece in *Smaraolo cornuto. Ratſa di Boio.* THE TIMES muſt be confeſſed deſtitute of every kind of original merit. The print at firſt view appears too much crouded with figures; and is in every part confus'd, perplex'd, and embarraſs'd. The *ſtory is not well told to the eye*, nor can we any where diſcover the fainteſt ray of that genius, which with a few ſtrokes of the pencil enabled us to penetrate into the deepeſt receſſes of thought, and even caprice, in a *rake*, a *harlot*, and a *profligate young man of quality*.

I own too that I am grieved to ſee the genius of *Hogarth*, which ſhould take in all ages and countries, ſunk to a level with the miſerable tribe of party etchers, and now, in his rapid decline, entering into the poor politics of the faction of the day, and deſcending to low perſonal abuſe, inſtead of inſtructing the world, as he could once, by manly moral ſatire. Whence can proceed ſo ſurprizing a change? Is it the frowardneſs of old age? Or is it that

envy

envy and impatience of reſplendent merit in every way, at which he has always ſickened? How often has he been remarked to droop at the fair and honeſt applauſe given even to a friend, though he had particular obligations to the very ſame gentleman? What wonder then that ſome of the moſt reſpectable characters of the age become the objects of his ridicule? It is ſufficient that the reſt of mankind applaud; from that moment he begins the attack, and you never can be well with him, till he hears an univerſal outcry againſt you, and till all your friends have given you up. There is beſides a ſilly affectation of ſingularity, joined to a ſtrong deſire of leading the reſt of the world: when that is once found impracticable, the ſpleen engendered on ſuch an occaſion is diſcharged at a particular object, or ends in a general miſanthropy. The public never had the leaſt ſhare of *Hogarth*'s regard, or even good will. *Gain* and *vanity* have ſteered his little light bark quite through life. He has never been conſiſtent but with reſpect to thoſe two principles. What a deſpicable part has he acted with regard to the ſociety of *Arts and Sciences!* How ſhuffling has his conduct been to the whole body of *Artiſts!* Both theſe uſeful ſocieties have experienced the moſt

moſt ungenteel and offenſive behaviour from him. There is at this hour ſcarcely a ſingle man of any degree of merit in his own profeſſion, with whom he does not hold a profeſſed enmity. It is impoſſible the leaſt degree of friendſhip could ever ſubſiſt in this intercourſe of the arts with him; for his inſufferable vanity will never allow the leaſt merit in another, and no man of a liberal turn of mind will ever condeſcend to feed his pride with the groſs and fulſome praiſe he expects, or to burn the incenſe he claims, and indeed ſnuffs like a moſt gracious God. To this he joins no ſmall ſhare of jealouſy; in conſequence of which he has all his life endeavoured to ſuppreſs riſing merit, and has been very expert in every mean underhand endeavour, to extinguiſh the leaſt ſpark of genuine fire. But all *genius* was not born, nor will die, with Mr. *Hogarth:* and notwithſtanding all his ungenerous efforts to damp or chill it in another, I will truſt to a diſcerning and liberal ſpirit in the Engliſh nation, to patronize and reward all real merit. It will in the end riſe ſuperior to the idle laugh of the hour, which theſe triflers think it the higheſt praiſe to be able to raiſe. For my part, I ſcarcely know a more profligate principle, than the indiſcriminately

ſacrificing

ſacrificing every thing, however great or good, to the dangerous talent of ridicule; and a man whoſe ſole object is *dummodò riſum excutiat*, ought to be avoided as the worſt peſt of ſociety, as the *enemy* moſt to be feared, I mean a treacherous *friend*. Such a man will go all lengths to raiſe a laugh at your expence, and your whole life will be made miſerable from his ambition of diverting the company for half an hour.

I love to trace the ideas of a genius, and to mark the progreſs of every art. Mr. *Hogarth* has heard much of the *cobwebs* of the law, and the *ſpinning fine ſpider-webs*, *&c.* This is thrown on paper, and the idea carefully treaſured. Lord *Hardwicke* being at the head of the law, and deſervedly in as high eſteem with his countrymen, as any man who ever held the ſeals, unſpotted in life, and equally revered by prince and people, becomes an excellent ſubject for the ſatirical pencil of a malevolent painter. He is accordingly emblematically repreſented by Mr. *Hogarth* as a great ſpider in a large, thick web, with myriads of the carcaſes of *flies*, *clients* I ſuppoſe, ſucked to death by the gloomy tyrant. Mr. *Hogarth* had heard of Mr. *Pitt*'s being *above* all his fellow-citizens, and of his ſuperior virtue having

ing *raiſed* him to an envied and dangerous *height* of grandeur. Now this he has taken literally, and, with the kind aid of *Callot*, has put Mr. *Pitt* on ſtilts, and made the people *look up* to him; which, after all this inſipid ridicule, they will continue to do, as a kind of tutelar deity, from whom they expect that ſecurity and thoſe bleſſings they deſpair of from others. As to the conceit of the *bellows*, to ſignify, I ſuppoſe, Mr. *Pitt*'s endeavours to blow up the flames of war and diſcord, it is at once very poor and very falſe. His whole conduct the laſt ſeſſion in parliament, and out of the houſe ever ſince, has demonſtrated the contrary: *neque vero hoc* oratione *ſolum*, *ſed multo magis* vitâ *et* moribus *comprobavit*. Cic. de Fin.

Lord *Temple* is a nobleman of fine parts and unſullied honour, who has ſhewn a thorough diſintereſtedneſs, a great love of liberty, and a ſteady attachment to the public, in every part of his conduct through life. It was impoſſible ſuch a character could be miſſed by the poiſoned ſhafts of envy, which we ſee pointed at all ſuperior virtue. He has, beſides, the merit of joining in the *written reaſons* of the 18th of September. This too can never be forgiven; for the nation is now convinced that had they been

been followed, the *Britiſh* ſtandard had long before this been flying on the walls of the *Havannah*, and the ſolid maſs of ſtrength in *North America* collected by Mr. *Pitt*, had not melted away in the hoſpitals at *Cuba*. We ſhould not then have had the elements to fight with, or to fruſtrate thoſe great attempts which our enemies deſpaired of baffling, had they been made with prudence and a moſt neceſſary regard to the ſeaſon and climate. What a ſcandalous ſacrifice has there been of our brave countrymen from our ill-timing of this important expedition! A miniſter muſt not only poſſeſs a very *narrow*, but a very *wicked* genius, who can conſider this as an event that *ſaves expence*, and frees us from ſo *many mouths that were to be fed*, and *bodies that were to be cloathed*. This is another humane inſtance of miniſterial *œconomy*. No envy will attend ſuch miniſters. Contempt and horror will. I muſt here obſerve, that there is one merit aſcribed to lord *Temple* by the *Briton*, to which he has no kind of pretence. I mean the *having delivered ſuch fine orations among the independent electors of* Weſtminſter, *when he inveighed with ſuch force of energy and argument againſt the Brothers who directed the helm of government*. Now I will venture to ſay, that lord *Temple* never

never once set his foot among *the independent electors of Westminster*; although I must confess that Mr. *George Grenville* FREQUENTLY did, after his first introduction to that worthy body, by the mirror of patriots and placemen *Paul Whitehead*, Esq. who has since had the grace to take shame to himself for it. Mr. *Hogarth*'s wit on this noble lord is confined to the wretched conceits of the *Temple coffee-house*, and a *squirt* to signify the *playing on* the ministry. I really believe this wit is all Mr. *Hogarth*'s own.

When a man of parts dedicates his talents to the service of his country, he deserves the highest rewards: when he makes them subservient to base purposes, he merits execration and punishment. Among the *Spartans*, music and poetry were made to serve the noblest ends of the *Lacedemonian* state. A manly courage and great contempt of death were inspired by them, and the poet, musician, soldier, and patriot were often the same good citizen, who despised the low *mechanic lucre* of the profession, and was zealous only for the glory of his country. In the year 1746, when the *Guards* were ordered to march to *Finchley*, on the most important service they could be employed in, the extinguishing a *Scottish* Rebellion, which threatened

threatened the intire ruin of the illuſtrious family on the throne, and, in conſequence, of our liberties, Mr. *Hogarth* came out with a print to make them ridiculous to their countrymen and to all *Europe*; or perhaps it rather was to tell the *Scots* in his way how little the Guards were to be feared, and that they might ſafely advance. That the ridicule might not ſtop here, and that it might be as offenſive as poſſible to his own *ſovereign*, he dedicated the print to the king of *Pru[s]ia**, *as an encourager of arts*. Is this patriotiſm! In old *Rome*, or in any of the *Grecian* ſtates, he would have been publiſhed as a profligate citizen, totally devoid of all principle. In *England* he is rewarded, and made *ſerjeant* painter to that very king's grandſon. I think the term means the ſame as what is vulgarly called *houſe*-painter; and indeed he has not been ſuffered to *caricature* the royal family. The poſt of portrait painter is given to a *Scotſman*, one *Ramſay*. Mr. *Hogarth* is only to paint the wainſcot of the rooms, or, in the phraſe of the art, may be called their *pannel-painter*. But how have the *Guards* offended Mr. *Hogarth*, for he is again attacking them in THE TIMES? Lord *Harrington*'s ſecond troop of grenadier guards is allowed to be very perfect in every part of military diſci-

* This is the orthography of Mr. *Hogarth*. See the Print.

pline; and *Hogarth*'s friend, the king of *Prussia*, could have shewn him the real importance of it. He had heard them much applauded, and therefore must abuse them. The ridicule ends however in *airs composed by Harrington*, and in a piece of *clockwork*; but he ought to have known, that though *l'homme machine* is not found philosophy, it is the true doctrine of tactics.

The *Militia* has received so many just testimonies of applause, both from their king and country, that the attack of envy and malevolence was long expected. But I dare say this poor jester will have Mr. *George Townshend*'s free consent to vent his spleen upon him and the gentlemen of *Norfolk*. I believe he may ever go on in this way almost unnoticed; at one time ridiculing the *Guards* for a *disorderly*, and at another the *Militia* for an exact and *orderly* march. Mr. *Townshend* will still have the warm applause of his country, and the truest satisfaction, that of an honest heart, for his patriot labours in establishing this great plan of internal defence, a *Militia*, which has delivered us from the ignominy of *foreign hirelings*, and the ridiculous fears of invasion, by a brave and well-disciplined body of *Englishmen*, at all times ready and zealous for the defence of their country, and of its laws and constitution.

Numb.

Numb. XVIII. Saturday, Oct. 2, 1762.

> Becauſe, even becauſe they have ſeduced my people, ſaying, Peace, and there was no Peace! and one built up a Wall, and lo! others daubed it with untempered mortar. Say unto them, which daub it with untempered mortar, that it ſhall fall.
>
> BIBLE.

IN the preſent ſituation of affairs, when *Peace* is the great object of every man's attention, it is extremely natural that it ſhould be the general ſubject of converſation. It is no leſs ſurpriſing to hear how differently men think and ſpeak of it now, from what they did during the late popular adminiſtration. *Peace* was then conſidered by *our enemies*, the ENGLISH, as the moſt deſirable of all bleſſings, but is now ſpoken of as the greateſt of all misfortunes, and to make *peace* and to ruin the nation are eſteemed by them terms of the ſame import. This difference can ariſe only from their apprehenſions that the terms of *peace* now will not be ſo advantageous to this nation, as thoſe on which Mr. Mr. PITT had formed

himſelf. But what foundation have they for theſe apprehenſions, what ſhadow of reaſon for theſe fears? Is it that the ſituation of our affairs is altered, and therefore they fear an alteration in the terms of peace, or that they have a bad opinion of my worthy countryman, and diſtruſt his integrity, or his abilities, or both? One of theſe muſt be the cauſe of the preſent clamour, tho' neither of them ſhould in reaſon be ſo. As to the ſituation of our affairs, they never were in a more flouriſhing condition; and as to my lord BUTE, is it not ſufficient to ſay that he has done no good, unleſs they can prove that he has done harm? Happy would it often have been for this kingdom, if her miniſters had been of ſuch a complexion, as to do neither the one nor the other! But if we ſeriouſly and impartially examine things, we ſhall find both from the manner in which the war has been carried on during the preſent adminiſtration, the unuſual and amazing ſucceſs we have met with, the caution with which we have entered into the negotiation, and the perſon who is appointed to conduct it, that as we have a clear right to demand, ſo have we the greateſt reaſon in the world to expect, ſuch terms as may prove of ſolid and laſting advantage to theſe kingdoms.

It

It is agreed on all hands, that England in her wars with France ſhould never ſheath the ſword till *Peace* is abſolutely concluded. The wicked policy of that nation, their ſuperior addreſs in negotiation, their total diſregard of faith, and their known arts of ſpinning out treaties merely to gain time to recover ſtrength, without any real intention of bringing them to a concluſion, have taught us this leſſon, although we have ſeldom been prudent enough to put it in practice. In juſtice to the preſent adminiſtration however it muſt be allowed, that they have profited by the miſtakes of their predeceſſors. Willing to make peace, yet they ſhew themſelves ready to make war, and prudently conſider a ſuſpenſion of arms as advantageous only to the weaker party. It muſt be confeſſed, indeed, that they have not ſheathed the ſword in the bowels of the enemy, but they have glorioufly kept it hanging over their heads: moved by chriſtian charity, they have not done the French any actual harm; but then they have plainly enough ſhewn the power of doing it, if they will; a power which they will no doubt exert, if, contrary to good faith, France, having recovered her ſpirits and ſtrengthened herſelf with new alliances during the courſe of a long and fruitleſs negotiation, ſhould think proper to renew the war. To fit

out great and mighty fleets, to block up the French and Spaniſh fleets in their ports, or to defeat them if they came out, unleſs they were going to *Newfoundland*, was what every ſanguine Engliſhman would have promiſed to himſelf beyond all doubt. But to let our fleets lie rotting in port, to ſuffer our men to be enervated with ſloth, and to diſſolve in inactivity, to ſquander away our treaſures, and to ſend out, merely by way of amuſement and to take the air, our braveſt admirals and our ſtrongeſt fleets, at a time when we are engaged in a war with France and Spain, theſe are inſtances of ſuch a confident and well-grounded ſuperiority, as muſt ſtrike terror into our enemies, and reflect the higheſt credit on that adminiſtration for whom alone ſuch glorious proofs of power were reſerved.

It muſt not however be diſſembled, that we have met with ſome petty mortifications during this glorious period. *Newfoundland* is loſt; but what is *Newfoundland?* Apply for information to the BRITON, apply to the AUDITOR, and they ſhall tell you that it is a place of little or no conſequence either to the FRENCH or ENGLISH. Thoſe nations indeed have almoſt from the time of its firſt ſettlement been contending for it as a place of the utmoſt importance; but they greatly over-rated it; the BRI-

TON

TON and AUDITOR have fixed its true value; they aſſert it, and their aſſertions are proofs. As to the diſappointment which we met with on the coaſt of *France* in the late ſecret expedition, that rather reflects honour than diſcredit on thoſe miniſters, who took ſuch prudent ſteps as prevented it from tranſpiring, and becoming matter of complaint to a turbulent and diſcontented people, a people of ſuch a diſpoſition, that *they ought to be ruled with a rod of iron*. As to the great expedition under *Admiral* HAWKE, which hath occaſioned ſuch murmurs, the odium ought to fall on *Mr.* PITT and the ADMIRAL: on *Mr.* PITT, for not accuſtoming fleets to go out *merely to come back again*, and on the ADMIRAL, for preferring honour to ſafety, and the daring but dangerous directions of the former miniſter to the good-humoured and ſafe commands of the preſent. But however malcontents may endeavour to aggravate theſe trifles, yet one action more than balances them; I mean that *great*, that *glorious event*, the taking of the HERMIONE; an event of ſuch *national* conſequence, and ſo *unequalled* in hiſtory, that our *new ally Mr.* HOGARTH ingeniouſly inſinuates, that it more than counterpoiſes all our loſſes, and is alone ſufficient to eſtabliſh the credit of the preſent miniſtry.

Our

Our ſucceſs therefore gives us a right to demand, and the ſpirit with which the miniſtry have carried on the war, a probability of obtaining a good peace; and notwithſtanding the popular cry which hath induſtriouſly been raiſed againſt them, I am apt to think that under the auſpices of our great patron, we ſhall ſee a happy end of this war. In this opinion I am the rather confirmed, becauſe in our preſent ſituation I do not ſee how he can make a bad *peace* without the moſt imminent danger to himſelf. A nation elated with ſuch ſucceſſes, promiſing to herſelf the advantages of a ſecure and extended commerce in peace to reimburſe the charges of a long and burdenſome war, can never tamely ſuffer the fruits of their labours to be loſt: nor indeed is there any one inducement to precipitate us into a *peace*. Was the miniſter diſtruſted, and did he find any difficulty in raiſing ſupplies to carry on the war, this might prompt an ambitious man to patch up a *peace* on any terms, and to ſacrifice the intereſt of a whole nation to his thirſt of power; but bleſſed be St. Andrew, this is ſo far from being the caſe, that I truſt never was miniſter more reſpected or beloved. His private life bears witneſs to his integrity; the courſe of his adminiſtration, ſhort as it hath been, loudly ſpeaks his amazing capacity; and both together

ther have purchaſed that intire confidence throughout the nation, and eſpecially in the city of LONDON, that their purſes are as much at his command as their hearts. Thus ſituated, he can have no inducement to make a bad peace; and the appointment of that great duke to the embaſſy, is a proof that he hath no ſuch intentions. His truly patriot ſpirit, his known love of his country, his clearneſs of head, equal to the clearneſs of his heart, ſufficiently ſecure us from any reaſonable apprehenſions on this point. Had a perſon been ſent who on all occaſions had lamented our ſucceſſes, whoſe avarice was known to wiſh an end to the war on any terms, merely on account of the land-tax: whoſe pride was equalled by nothing but his ignorance; whoſe ſpirit was too great to think before he adopted an opinion, and his underſtanding too weak to ſuffer any change after he had adopted it; from the management of ſuch a man, I own we ſhould have every thing to fear, whereas now we have every thing to hope.

## TO THE NORTH BRITON.

SIR, *Sept.* 30.

THE news of the reduction of the *Havannah* which arrived laſt night, gives me the ſincereſt pleaſure, but I muſt ſay ſuggeſts

geſts to me at the ſame time, ſome painful apprehenſions with relation to the manner in which it is to be diſpoſed of in caſe of a *peace*. Surely we can never think of immediately giving up what has coſt us the precious blood of ſo many brave *Engliſhmen*, and of gratifying the inſolent Spaniard with a ſacrifice of ſuch numbers of our fellow ſubjects. If it is to be ſurrendered, which the people ſeem to take for granted, we certainly have a right to expect thoſe articles, on which they grounded the preſent war, to be determined in our favour. The conſequence of the Havannah to the Spaniards we all know; and I hope we ſhall not be ſo wantonly generous, as not to make an advantage of it. I am anxious to hear the particulars of the ſiege, and ſhall with the heart of an Engliſhman read an account of my countrymen; the return of one of whom the gallant Capt. *Hervey*, whoſe behaviour on this occaſion renders him dear to every Engliſhman, gives me the trueſt ſatisfaction.

I am, SIR, your's, &c.

## Numb. XIX. Saturday, Oct. 9, 1762

Superior virtue, wiſdom, might,
Create and mark the ruler's right,
So reaſon muſt conclude;
Then thine it is, to whom belong
The wiſe, the virtuous, and the ſtrong,
Thrice ſacred multitude!

ODE TO MANKIND.

THE following letter, which I have received from *Trowbridge* in *Wiltſhire*, I offer to the public entire, becauſe it glows throughout with the true ſpirit of liberty, and carries with it that ſtrength of argument, and force of conviction which muſt captivate every candid mind beyond all the ſubtleties and ſophiſms of the *Wandſworth* epiſtle.

### TO THE NORTH BRITON.

SIR, *Sept.* 22.

AS the BRITON, of Saturday the 11th inſtant, is an impudent libel on all the good people of *England* in general, as well as on

on the city of LONDON in particular, repreſenting all the *nobility*, *gentry*, *merchants*, *tradeſmen*, *yeomen*, and all the *commonalty*, as a ſeditious rabble, which deſpiſes all government, becauſe they expreſs a diſlike to ſome meaſures relative to a *peace*; and as our conſtitution is reproached with being an *ochlocracy*, or mob-common-wealth, becauſe it permits our people to murmur with impunity at the conduct they cannot approve, which by the bye is inculcating the vileſt tyranny ever practiſed by the worſt monſters of all the *Roman* emperors, pray indulge me in communicating to the public a few remarks upon ſo extraordinary a performance.

I muſt firſt obſerve, that this advocate of tyranny and deſpiſer of the people ſets out with ſome fooliſh remarks upon modern philoſophers, which being trifling and inſignificant, I ſhall paſs them over without any farther notice. He then informs us "*that there are a* "*ſet of ſpeculative philoſophical reformers who* "*have eſpouſed the plebeian intereſt, from an* "*innate averſion to all order and reſtraint.*" This is, we muſt confeſs, a very extraordinary poſition. *Philoſophers eſpouſing the intereſts of mankind from an innate averſion to all order and reſtraint.* Wonderful truly! But pray where are thoſe philoſophers? What are their names?

Where

Where were they born? I believe they received their firſt exiſtence in this *fellow*'s brains; for no one ever heard of ſuch monſters before. *Moſes*, *Minos*, *Zaleucus*, *Plato*, *Ariſtotle*, *Tully*, *Tacitus*, *Machiavel*, *Harrington*, *Nevil*, *Sidney*, *Locke*, and *Gordon*, have all written upon government; but I never heard, that any of them were accuſed of being philoſophers, *who hated all order*. This extraordinary ſpecies of philoſophers was reſerved for the diſcovery of that *extraordinary genius*, the author of the BRITON. Well; *philoſophical politicians eſpouſing the intereſts of mankind from an averſion to order!* Could any poor creature write ſuch ſtuff, unleſs one lately eloped from *Bedlam?*

He proceeds and obſerves, that it is "*to be* "*hoped ſome of theſe politicians, who have an* "*averſion to order, are inſtigated to it by motives of* "*humanity and benevolence*" and then concludes, "*that ſuch a diſpoſition is miſtaken phi-* "*lanthropy.*" What a profound diſcovery! What admirable ſentiment! O reader! if that thou canſt read, read this paragraph of our author's again and again, for thy inſtruction in politics. But now for the root of this political evil, this philoſophical averſion to order, ariſing from a regard to the intereſts of the people. This, our author tells us, proceeds from

from (remark him !) *the opinion that every individual is equally free by nature, and hence has an equal right to intermeddle in the administration of public affairs: a principle*, he says, *subversive of all government.*

Government is a just execution of the laws, which were instituted by the people for their preservation: but if the people's implements, to whom they have trusted the execution of those laws, or any power for their preservation, should convert such execution to their destruction, have they not a right to intermeddle? Nay, have they not a right to resume the power they have delegated, and to punish their servants who have abused it? If *our king can do no wrong*, his ministers may and are accountable to the people for their conduct. This is the voice of *Locke*, the voice of our laws, the voice of reason; but we own not the voice of tyrants and their abettors, not the voice of the *Briton*. On the contrary, this wretch preaches up the doctrine, that some part of mankind, nay, the mass, are born slaves, who ought implicitly to be submissive to the caprices of a few, who by accident, knavery, or cunning, shall wriggle themselves into power. One would think this doctrine came into *England*, or was transplanted into this country, from the

the *heritable jurisdictions* in the *Highlands* of *Scotland*. We are plainly told, that though we are passengers in the state-vessel, and see the pilot going to run her on the rocks, and make a wreck of her, and a boat provided for his own escape, yet we must blindly submit, and, without a murmur, suffer the villain to execute his hellish purpose: nor dare to intermeddle with the helm, though we know we shall go to the bottom, unless we tip him overboard, tack, and steer another way.

This is admirable doctrine truly! The four last years of queen *Anne* did not produce finer flowers from the garden of tyranny than this. Observe, *Britons*, what this despicable wretch, and tool of some in power, would reduce you to. Are these the sentiments of his paymasters? Is this the cue given him in his instructions, to boldly assert, that *Englishmen* are all born to be slaves to a few persons, who happen either by accident to possess a larger fortune, or by his own lewdness and debauchery, or by the wicked mean arts of a father or a grandfather, to worm themselves into an estate, and thence wriggle into power, though originally the dregs of the mob? O thou most excellent philanthropist! Thy politics qualify thee to be *Reis Effendi*, or secretary of state to the *Grand Signior*, the *Great Mogul*, the *Inquisition*,

*quiſition*, or the Emperor of *Morocco*. How would the *Dionyſii*, *Agathocles*, *Phalaris*, *Nero*, *Domitian*, and *Commodus*, have hugged ſuch a counſellor of ſtate, ſuch an abettor, ſuch an excellent politician! Well; it being granted that the bulk of mankind being born ſlaves to a few, who have by baſe arts wriggled themſelves into the adminiſtration of the government of a country, it hence follows, that if any of thoſe ſlaves dare to cenſure their conduct, they are guilty of high-treaſon; ſuch behaviour "being ſubverſive of all "government, and a principle deſtructive of all "national induſtry and quiet, as well as "repugnant to every fundamental maxim of "ſociety." Here he has miſtaken the proper word, he ſhould have ſaid, *maxim of* TYRANNY.

We hope this advocate for deſpotic power and ſlavery, who ſeems rather to have been born, adapted, and formed for the inſtruction of the court of *Nero*, than for the modelling the court of ſo gracious a prince as GEORGE III. is not countenanced in his invectives againſt liberty, and in reviling the free conſtitutions and laws of his country, nor in publiſhing panegyrics on ſlavery and tyranny, by many in power: if he ſhould, the Lord have mercy on us!

In

In the reigns of the *Roman* tyrants there ſprung up often wretches, the very ſtamp of the author of the BRITON, who were the buſy implements and flatterers of thoſe monſters of oppreſſion, and the bane of innocence and all virtue. But I do not remember, that any ſuch appeared in the reigns of *Veſpaſian*, *Titus*, *Trajan*, *Antoninus*, or *Marcus Aurelius*, or in caſe they did, if I miſtake not, *Tacitus* informs us, all ſuch wretches were driven from the court and the city, under thoſe good emperors, as the moſt pernicious vermin, and the peſts of the human race. We hope therefore that this traitor to his country, this traducer and ſlander of its laws, this reviler of its conſtitution, this advocate of tyranny and abſolute power, will be ſoon taken into cuſtody by Mr. *Carrington*, for abuſing the form of our government, and diſgracing the reign of our gracious ſovereign, by publiſhing a plea for tyranny, and aſſerting it to be a part of our conſtitution. Such a wretch ought to be puniſhed as an incendiary, that muſt create fears, jealouſies, and heart-burnings among his majeſty's good ſubjects, and make them ſuſpicious that ſome attempt is going to be made upon their liberties. What do not the demerits of ſuch a wretch deſerve from his injured fellow-citizens?

As if this scribbler had not sufficiently displayed his ignorance and love of tyranny; he proceeds and tells us, "That to give a just "idea of a mob-ruled common-wealth, we "need only peruse the histories of *Athens* "and *Rome* during those periods at which their "governments were republican: there (says "he) we shall meet with nothing but faction, "animosity, persecution, ingratitude, and dis-"quiet." We would ask him, whether this republican form of government introduced so many miseries among the people, or brought so many distresses upon human nature, as the despotic and arbitrary forms have done? In case he should assert they had, he must be a most impudent or a most ignorant fellow. I would ask him if he had not rather live in the canton of *Bern*, *England*, or in *Holland*, than in *Russia*, *Turkey*, *Persia*, or *Indostan?*

But the author of the BRITON must be a very ignorant fellow, as well as impudent one; for what he says of the Athenians, and their government, is the grossest falsehood or misrepresentation: the *Thetes* had no share of the magistracy; they could only assent to, or dissent from, what was proposed to them. However, when *Aristides* for a short time rendered them capable of office, they always modestly left the magistracy to their betters: though it

was

was during the zenith of the *ochlocracy* that they performed their greateſt exploits and acquired their higheſt renown. They conſiſted only of about twenty thouſand families, and yet they became lords paramount of all Greece, excelled in all arts and arms, ſubdued all the Ægean iſles, were maſters of the ſeas, extended their conqueſts to Egypt, often defeated the great king of Perſia, and always kept him in awe; and, as Ariſtophanes obſerves, reduced a thouſand cities under their dominion. But when this mob-government was aboliſhed, and approached nearer to the *ariſtocratical*, they ſunk in their reputation, and elapſed into baſeneſs and corruption.

I will give one inſtance of the juſtice and greatneſs of ſoul to be met with in this mob-government. *Themiſtocles* propoſed a great advantage to Athens, but ſaid, to diſcover what it was would prove its defeat: the *mob* ordered him to communicate it to *Ariſtides*, who informed them it was *advantageous*, but *unjuſt*: upon which they rejected it, chuſing rather to ſacrifice their intereſt than integrity. But the *Lacedæmonians*, ruled by kings, *Thucydides* ſays, held for honeſt what *pleaſed*, and for honourable what *profited*: yet the BRITON avers with his uſual impudence, that the Athenians were a mob, among whom nothing

reigned but factions, animosity, ingratitude, and disquiet. Surely this writer must be either a most ignorant or a most abandoned profligate, thus to falsify history to deceive and abuse the people. It is true, historians inform us, that when they were free from foreign wars, they were often employed in domestic feuds, the ambition and emulation of their great men never failing to raise disturbances among their fellow-citizens, and to divide them into parties and factions, &c. But all their contentions were the work of their leaders, not of the mass of the people, who would have been glad to have lived at peace, had it not been for the ambition, oppression, and violence of the great, who were continually, both at *Rome* and *Athens*, labouring to oppress them and deprive them of their liberties and privileges.

Thus we have most clearly proved, that this pedlar in small-ware politics has taken upon him to abuse the Athenians as a mob, and their government as anarchy, without knowing their history. His accounts of the *Athenians* and *Romans* are nearly as similar to truth, as his averring that the present citizens, merchants, traders, and commonalty of LONDON, are just such another rabble as the mob under *Wat Tyler* and *Jack Straw* was formerly. He has given all manner of latitude and scope

to

to his imagination, and indulged falſhood in all her wanton levities: he has dived deep in all kind of filth, emerged loaded with mud, and with this dirt bedaubed his fellow-citizens, the conſtitution, and the laws of his country.

And now, Sir, indulge me with an *apoſtrophe*, for I cannot help crying out, Ye worthy citizens of *London*, ſee! a foul-mouthed ruffian, with the ſpirit of a parricide and the inquiſition, with the infernal rage of a fiend broke looſe from the regions of darkneſs, attack your favourite goddeſs LIBERTY on her throne, ſurrounded by you her moſt zealous votaries; rend her ſacred veſtments, beſmear her with dirt, ſquirt his venomous excrements in her face, laſh her with the keen whips of reproach, and at laſt, to complete his malice, with the frantic fury of a *Clement*, a *Ravillac*, or a *Damien*, ruſh forward to plunge a dagger in her heart! O execrable parricide!

When his inſulting libels enter your aſſemblies, why do you not ariſe, and with honeſt indignation tear them to pieces, and offer up the mangled fragments to *Vulcan?* Unleſs you chuſe to reſerve them for a more ignominious office. You neither want for capacity to diſcern his inſults, nor for ſpirit to reſent the abuſe: no; for to do you juſtice, I muſt ſay, whatever the pride of preſumption and the

ſwell of vanity may induce ſome perſons to think, the *merchants* of *London*, in their collective capacity, poſſeſs more honeſt, uſeful, political knowledge, and underſtand more of the true intereſt of their country, than all the miniſters of ſtate ever diſcovered, or were maſters of, who have appeared in Britain ſince the invaſion of *Julius Cæſar*; however their honeſt voice may be deſpiſed by empty vanity and proud conceit. They have made tyrants tremble on their thrones, and dyed the ſcaffold with the blood of pernicious, wicked counſellors. That they may always proſper in ſuch purſuits, and confound the machinations of all ſuch advocates for tyranny and ſlavery as the BRITON and his patrons, is the hearty prayer of,

Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

WILLIAM TEMPLE.

## TO THE NORTH BRITON.

SIR,

IN the public Papers of laſt Saturday and Monday appeared the following advertiſement:

"The AUDITOR is called upon to lay be-
"fore the public the evidence on which he
"advanced

"advanced the infamous ſtory at the end of "his laſt Thurſday's paper. It is certain that "NO CONVERSATION of any kind paſſed be- "tween the two perſons ſuppoſed to be men- "tioned, except complimental expreſſions ſome "months ago, in the preſence of a right "honourable gentleman. The whole is an "entire and impudent falſhood; and if the "gentleman ſo alluded to was guilty of ſo "flagrant an outrage to honour, he ought to "be ſhunned as the peſt of ſociety."

In anſwer to which the AUDITOR ſays, *the ſtory is indeed infamous, but by whom is the* AUDITOR *called upon? Is it by the perſon charged with that flagrant behaviour? And does he himſelf plead Not Guilty?* He is called upon by the perſon ſuppoſed to be charged with that flagrant behaviour, who does plead *Not Guilty*, and denies every circumſtance of the charge.

*Oct.* 7. I am, &c.

Numb. XX. Saturday, Oct. 16, 1762.

ENGLAND! thy fault FRANCE hath in thee found out,
A neſt of hollow boſoms. SHAKESPEARE.

THE AUDITOR, like other low mechanics in the ſervice of the government, has of late been ordered to work *double tides*, and I ſuppoſe of conſequence has received *double pay*. When the glad tidings of an *Auditor Extraordinary* were firſt by himſelf with ſuch parade announced to the public, I could not ſuſpect that he only meant to *double* the nauſeous doſe of the week. I thought that the *preliminaries*, or the *great outline* of the *peace*, would have been ſhadowed out, and the uneaſy ſenſation of a fretful impatience for the appearance of that truly *extraordinary* paper preyed upon me. My diſappointment was moſt ſevere. I found nothing in the *Auditor Extraordinary* but a great deal of low abuſe on the city of *London*, and a dull repetition of old fulſome, and outré compliments to *all his pay-maſters*; compliments which neither he, nor any other man in this country believes. He therefore, in ſound policy, has moſt judiciouſly

ciously made his appeal to a *Chinese philosopher*, whom he soon cures of all his prejudices in favour of this nation; but then, on the other hand, he has given us such a specimen of the *Chinese* in so simple a fellow, that we cannot but laugh in our turn at that *wise* nation. In a former paper he had referred the decision of some constitutional points to the stupid, drunken *Cherokee* king*, who *would* not even articulate, and to his *ideal* majesty of *Brobdignag*, who *could* not answer him. He has never once ventured to make the appeal to a cool candid Englishman.

The poor *Chinese*, whom he has dragged to *London*, is first fed with soft, insipid pap, and afterwards with the rankest poison. He is told, that when he first *enters this metropolis*, he will meet with *daily and weekly libels against a ministry* LEGALLY APPOINTED *by the sovereign power*. How soon will this foreigner learn the beauties of the English language! Not only *daily* but even *weekly* libels. Has the *legality* of the appointment of the ministry been ever disputed? I have only heard that the *prudence* and *fitness* of the choice, from the known incapacity of the persons, has been indeed very highly arraigned. I will illustrate

* The *Cherokee* king was at this time in *London*.

this

this by a similar case: *Cibber* and *Whitehead* were as legally appointed laureats as *Johnson* and *Dryden*. The *legality* never came into question, but the *absurdity of the choice* was the object of just ridicule with the public. But though our *Chinese* is indeed very foolish, he could scarcely avoid making this very obvious remark, that if there are *weekly*, nay *daily* papers, issued against the ministry, it is impossible they can have the confidence of the nation, or the hearts of the people with them. He would be apt to enquire if the late ministry were every *week*, every *day*, attacked by their own countrymen; and if we were (in the AUDITOR's words) *torn with party contentions amongst ourselves, or distracted with different views*, while they held the reins of administration. When he was told that *no* writings of that kind then appeared, he must conclude that the late ministry had the full approbation of their country, and was founded in the love and confidence of the people, who, he would find, were known to wish for their continuance, and *weekly*, *daily* expressed not only their dislike, but their alarming apprehensions of our present minister, with an openness and spirit warranted by the constitution. His inference would be easy and natural, that there is now something

not

not merely ſuſpicious, but *unſafe* and *rotten* in the ſtate of adminiſtration.

The *Auditor* has very obligingly taken care that we ſhall not remain in any doubt who the new miniſtry are, thus *legally appointed by the ſovereign power*. In a former paper he has given us an imitation of *Swift*'s political dictionary of the faſhionable words *church*, *tory*, *party*, *&c.* He tells us the preſent miniſtry are *two Scotſmen*, *together with the lord high chancellor*, *the right honourable the earls of Egremont*, *Halifax*, *Talbot*, *lord Barrington*, *Sir Francis Daſhwood*, *Sir John Turner*, *George Grenville*, *eſq. Charles Townſhend*, *eſq. &c.* I believe ſtateſmen of ſuch oppoſite, incoherent, and heterogeneous principles were never before huddled together. The confuſion and fermentation which has followed this unnatural mixture we have all ſeen. I am not ſo much ſurprized at finding Mr. *Townſhend* at the *fag* end of this liſt, and after ſome gentlemen now for the firſt moment, *to their own ſurprize*, dubb'd *ſtateſmen*, as I am to find him mentioned at all by the *Auditor*. My reaſon is, that this ſtateſman is not the *ſlave of power*, nor the *creature of the miniſter*. Acknowledged ability and ſuperior talents have alone raiſed him, and he now holds a great office*, to the entire

* Mr. *Townſhend* was at that Time Secretary at War.

ſatisfa ction

ſatisfaction of the public, on the moſt free and independent terms. He has never ſtooped to the low arts of cringing to favourites; nor would he ever ſubmit to the inſolent controul of a miniſterial baſhaw. I will anſwer for him that he will never ſuffer *his way to be preſcribed to him by any proud* SCOT. He has proved himſelf no leſs the faithful ſervant of the public than of the prince, and in place has ever preſerved the rights of office, the manlineſs of his character, and a thorough independency in all his conduct. From theſe conſiderations it has neceſſarily happened that no great confidence has at any time been placed by the preſent miniſtry in this gentleman. On the contrary, a jealouſy and diſtruſt of him have on many occaſions indecently broke out.

Two other motives have likewiſe concurred, and they have both effectually prevented his wonderful abilities and moſt powerful eloquence ever gaining that aſcendency in the cabinet which they have in parliament, and with the public at large. The firſt is derived partly from his family, partly from himſelf; the other is entirely *perſonal*. This gentleman is of a noble *whig* family, ever ſteadily attached to the *cauſe of liberty*, and to *revolution principles*; and has himſelf never been *warped*, never for a moment deviated from the bright path

path his anceſtors have followed with ſo much ſpirit and applauſe. It is impoſſible therefore that he can enjoy the ſmiles of an adminiſtration, which has *ſwept* the *Cocoa* for *ſtateſmen* and *penſioners*, or can really be in any high degree of court-favour, now the family on the throne have for ſome months ceaſed to govern by their firm friends the *whigs*, to whom we owe our liberties, and the *Brunſwick* family, the glorious protectors of them. It is but juſtice too to declare, that the houſe of *Brunſwick* owe their firm eſtabliſhment on the throne of theſe kingdoms to the ſteady zeal and intrepidity of the *whigs*. Beſides, this gentleman has never *diſtreſſed* government. He has often ſupported it; and, in times of perplexity and embarraſſment, has extricated a *weak* and *feeble* miniſtry, when a national concern has called for the exertion of his abilities. The papers relative to the extent of our rights in *Acadia* and *North America* were drawn up in ſo correct, clear, and maſterly a way, that they have left no room for the ſmalleſt cavil of the moſt ſhuffling French negociator. This was of the moſt ſignal ſervice to government, and was done at an age uſually of levity and diſſipation; yet is the whole performance ſo perſpicuous and convincing, as well as poliſhed and elegant, that the moſt experienced and refined

fined ſtateſman might derive real honour from it. This gentleman has paſſed through almoſt all the ſcenes of national buſineſs, and in every part of public life has given the cleareſt proofs of his regard to the principles of liberty, and the rights of the people, ſecured by the *Revolution*. I therefore rather wondered to find his name at all in the *Auditor*'s liſt. It is upon this principle I ſuppoſe the *duke of Devonſhire* is totally omitted. I think he is ſtill *lord chamberlain*, though he is not to be ranked among the miniſters. I am glad, however, that he ſtill continues in that high office, as he may perhaps keep out a *Scotſman*; and I hope that no ſtudied ſlights nor offenſive behaviour will induce him to gratify his and our adverſary, by an ill-timed reſignation. I truſt that he will, after the great example of his noble houſe, pledge himſelf to the public as the firm and zealous ſupporter of thoſe old *whigs*, whom he knows to be the true friends of his country, and whoſe attachment to him is ſo viſible to all mankind, and ſo thoroughly to be depended upon in the moſt arduous moments.

My other motive for believing that Mr. *Townſhend* has no ſhare of miniſterial confidence, is my knowledge of his ſuperior genius and abilities. The ſplendor of a great genius

is

is offenſive to men of narrow and mean underſtanding. His intuitive eye would pierce too far into things not fit, perhaps, to be ſeen at all, much leſs to be viewed narrowly by an accurate obſerver. He joins to an infinite fire of imagination and brilliancy of wit, a cool and ſolid judgment, a wonderful capacity for buſineſs of every kind, the moſt intenſe application to it, and a conſummate knowledge of the great commercial intereſts of this country, which I never heard were before united in the ſame perſon. Such a man can never be ſuffered by a *weak miniſter* to riſe to any very conſiderable degree of power or influence. If ſuch abilities as he poſſeſſes ſhould bear him through, it muſt end in the miniſter's ruin.

I have not done with the *Auditor*'s liſt, though I ſhall at preſent dwell a very little while longer on it. He ſays, that *he has barely done juſtice to the characters of thoſe who fill the firſt departments of the ſtate. Let the moſt inveterate dealers in calumny ſingle out one of them, and then point out a more turpitude in his conduct. If they cannot do this, &c.* Now I will keep juſt to the *windward of the law*, and will affirm that the *public records* of the *courts of juſtice* of this kingdom bear teſtimony to the falſehood of this aſſertion. Yet with a candour unknown to the *Auditor*, I will be free to own, [illegible] that

that what I dare to allude to is not a tranſaction which would blaſt the reputation of a man of *honour*. I ſpeak now according to modern ideas of *honour* and *gallantry*, and he knows that I allude to *more than one* fact of very *immoral turpitude*, eſtabliſhed on oath in a long courſe of judicial proceedings. Any man who has lived in the world will immediately, on caſting his eye over the names of the worthies given us by the *Auditor*, recollect an hundred entertaining anecdotes to be parcelled out among the proprietors of that liſt, and will deſpiſe a venal ſcribbler, who can proſtitute his pen to ſo infamous a purpoſe. This extravagant encomium is in reality the moſt bitter invective I have read, excepting only the following cruel ſatire on the whole body of the Engliſh nobility. *The perſon, who has exhauſted all their calumny, is perhaps the moſt diſtinguiſhed of the nobility for integrity of life, for the enlargement of his underſtanding, for the feelings of humanity, and the unblemiſhed honeſty of his character.* If this really is the caſe, I wonder not that the *Houſe of Lords* is of ſo very little conſequence in this nation; I rather think it ought to be of none at all, and muſt ſink into contempt. But ſurely the public has very little to do with the private life and morals of the miniſter: let him diſcharge the duty he owes

to

to the ſtate with fidelity and integrity (with capacity he cannot) and I will not follow him in his private hours of retirement. Whether they paſs in the moſt trifling amuſements, in the wonderful diſquiſitions of a little genius on *cockle-ſhells*, *flowers* and *plants*, or in the hidden, gloomy receſſes of guilt, ſhall not be my enquiry.

As I am to keep company with the *Auditor* this week, I ſhall take notice of a trifling charge brought againſt me by him ſome time ago. He ſays, *with a proper diſtribution of aſteriſks (for that, let me tell you, is a noſtrum for applauſe, people ſtrangely admiring what they do not underſtand) you may inſinuate, to the bitter coſt of a certain nobleman, who that ſomebody is*; and afterwards he adds, *I would have you chooſe ſome piece of deep ſcandal; recollect all that has ever been charged upon favourites, then diſpoſe your aſteriſks* * * * * * * * *, *and thus the buſineſs is done.* I do not mean to tire my good friend the *Auditor*; it will not take him up much time; but I will beg him to count them, and tell me how many *ſtars* he has found in all the numbers of the *North Briton*. I deſpiſe ſo pitiful an evaſion. The laws of my country are my protection; my only patron is the PUBLIC, to which I will ever make my appeal, and hold it ſacred. I would not uſe

any *ſtars*, though I could diſpoſe them as judiciouſly, and in as proper numbers, as that amazing *comic* genius *Triſtram Shandy*; unleſs indeed I meant them to the ſame *comic* purpoſe.

## Numb. XXI. Saturday, Oct. 23, 1762

Semper ego AUDITOR tantum, nunquamne reponam?
Still ſhall I hear, and never quit the ſcore?
JUVENAL.

AS the attack which was made on the 30th of September by my good friend the AUDITOR, on a gentleman of known reputation, took its riſe entirely from a ſuppoſition of that gentleman's being concerned in this paper, and conſequently oppoſed to falſehood and the AUDITOR, we think it our duty to take every occaſion, which offers, of giving the injured party the moſt public opportunities of vindicating his innocence, and expoſing to general contempt a writer, who hath, in the moſt poſitive manner, aſſerted facts, which, when called upon, he hath not even attempted to prove, and broached a rank and infamous falſehood, which he hath neither courage to maintain, nor honeſty to

to acknowledge. Two reasons there were indeed which induced us to wish that this affair might not have been canvassed, that it might be considered as the lie of the day, and, like many other instances of the AUDITOR's happy invention, been wholly disregarded. The one was the character of the gentleman at whom the slander was pointed, and the other the character of the writer by whom it was directed. All who knew the first, must immediately have declared him incapable of such behaviour; and all who knew the last, must have acknowledged him capable of saying or doing any thing which was disingenuous or mean. On these accounts it was impossible the story should ever meet with credit; and therefore we could have wished it had passed unnoticed; but since our correspondent is of a different opinion, and a strict and delicate sense of honour determines him to make as public a vindication of his innocence as the nature of the case will admit, we with great chearfulness insert the following genuine letters.

To the Rev. Dr. BURTON,

Head-Master of Winchester-College.

SIR, WINCHESTER, *Oct.* 19.

I AM really sorry that it is now become necessary for me to make *another* application to you in relation to the charge supposed to be brought against me in the AUDITOR of the 30th of September. The name of a young gentleman* under your care has been publicly made use of to give sanction to a falsehood, and to blast a character, which I have to say, not the slightest stain of dishonour has ever spotted. I am conscious of the most perfect innocence as to every article of this charge, and I desire that the proof of this may be as public as the accusation has been. One natural and obvious method of coming at the truth is certainly by an examination of the youth himself. I beg most earnestly that this may be in the presence of yourself, and the young gentlemen of the college; and, being thus accused, I should hope to be indulged with being at the examination. I am satisfied that the young gentleman will not to my face advance so gross an untruth, as that he has had *one moment's conversation* with me, since *Sir Francis Dashwood* left

* A Son of the earl of *Bute*.

Win-

Winchester in the spring. *Sir Francis* will do me the justice of telling the world, how civil and obliging, and how becoming us both, were the very few conversations we had together, and they all passed in his presence.

Give me leave, Sir, to remind you, that a very few weeks ago a complaint was made to me of an insult offered to the young gentlemen of the college by some soldiers of the *Buckinghamshire* regiment, which I have the honour of commanding. I made the most immediate enquiry, and found the complaint to have been well founded. I ordered a very exemplary punishment, which was in part inflicted; the rest, at the request of yourself and the young gentlemen, was remitted. By my express orders pardon was asked of the college in a public manner. I hope, that injured as I am, I shall be indulged in the request I make of an enquiry into so heinous a charge brought against me, and said to be supported by a young gentleman under your care. Truth and justice make this strong claim for me, and from the fairness of Dr. *Burton*'s character, I am persuaded that he will not suffer the least failure of justice, and that I shall meet with the only two things I ask, candour and impartiality

What I have propoſed, muſt, I think, ſtrike a ſenſible mind as a probable method of finding out the truth. *That* evidence would be *direct*; the *collateral* evidence is as full as I could wiſh. Dr. *Brockleſby*, phyſician to the army, has given the ſtrongeſt written teſtimony in my juſtification. I incloſe his account of a ſtrange political dialogue, which paſſed in the bookſeller's ſhop here, at which only the young gentleman, the doctor, and the bookſeller were preſent. I believe this gave riſe to the *fable* in the AUDITOR. The evidence of the bookſeller will be found as expreſs as the doctor's; no other perſon, by both their accounts, was preſent. I am moſt anxious for the examination of the young gentleman in any manner you chuſe (but I hope that it will be public) becauſe it is whiſpered that he affirms ſome of the particulars of the charge, which the *Auditor* has ſo finely cooked up. I declare upon *my honour*, that every particular of the charge is falſe. I will now juſt hint what I imagine, from all I have heard, is the real ſtate of the fact. The youth has very frequently in the bookſeller's ſhop abuſed me in the groſſeſt terms. He knew ſo little of me, as to be afraid, if I heard of his behaviour, that I ſhould complain to you; and he dreaded the puniſhment he thought muſt follow. To ſave himſelf

ſelf he has invented this curious tale, the falſity of which in every particular he knows better than any body. If this ſhould appear to be the caſe, as I am perſuaded it will, I will venture to ſay that it will give the noble lord his father more real concern than all the papers together, which have been publiſhed againſt him for the laſt twelvemonth.

You, Sir, have with ſo juſt applauſe formed the tender minds of youth to the nobleſt principles, and with ſuch ſucceſs have ſown the ſeeds of virtue and honour, that I need not ſay how dear and precious to a liberal mind *good fame* is. The faireſt virtue cannot eſcape calumny; but every man who has it in his power, is, by what ought to be the moſt cogent of all motives, a ſtrict regard to juſtice, called upon to vindicate injured innocence.

All the papers I have referred to are incloſed. I beg you to peruſe them at your leiſure, and afterwards to return them to me.

I am, with great reſpect,
SIR,
Your moſt humble ſervant,
JOHN WILKES.

## To Colonel WILKES.

SIR,

WHEN I had the honour of seeing you in my lodgings, I acquainted you with my resolution, that I would not concern myself in the affair: at the same time assured you I would not read any public papers relating to it. I have the honour to be with the greatest regard,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble servant,

*Tuesday Morning.* JOHN BURTON.

However willing we shall be, on all occasions, to comply with the desires of our correspondents we cannot by any means agree, *as desired*, in the present case, to lay these letters before the public, and leave each reader to make his own observations. We would not even wish to prevent our readers from having their opinions, but we never can consent to be tied up from giving our own.

Through the whole letter to the Master of Winchester college, there is a nice sense of honour, a proper spirit of resentment, and that earnest

earneſt deſire of an explanation, which truth is as deſirous to obtain, as guilt and falſehood are careful to avoid. The requeſt of a meeting with the young gentleman, under the circumſtances there mentioned, is highly reaſonable; it is what the injured party certainly has a right to expect, and what the maſter could not for any good reaſons refuſe; to which indeed we impute the beautiful brevity of his epiſtle, the general terms in which his refuſal is couched, and the peremptory manner in which he ſhuts up every avenue to a fair and open explanation. I ſhould be glad to know what the cautious and diſcreet maſter of that College would have thought, if, on his complaint againſt the ſoldier, the colonel had given an anſwer in his own way, and had poſitively told him, in his own words, *that he would not concern himſelf in the affair.* This I think is nearly a ſimilar caſe. The perſon ſuppoſed to have raiſed this ſtory laid the ſcene of it in a place and at a time when he was immediately under the direction of the maſter, and accountable to him for any miſbehaviour. On what principles therefore he can avoid taking cognizance of the affair I cannot ſee, unleſs he conſiders himſelf appointed only as an inſtructor in languages, as one who has no charge of the heart, nothing to do with the morals

morals of his pupils, and equally unconcerned whether they tread the paths of honour, or give themſelves up to vice and meanneſs. Had the meeting required in this letter been agreed to, and let me ſay the honour of the young gentleman himſelf, *if innocent*, ſeemed loudly to demand it, the firſt riſe and whole progreſs of this affair had been laid open, the public had been ſatisfied, the innocent cleared, and the guilty given up to that contempt they deſerved: but ſince this is denied, we ſhall venture to give our opinions of the whole tranſaction, and of the perſons concerned.

The young Gentleman, with a ſpirit which, every thing conſidered, is perhaps not to be diſapproved, had thrown out much abuſe againſt *Colonel Wilkes*, and either through fear of puniſhment, as our correſpondent candidly intimates, or through a youthful warmth of diſpoſition, and a deſire of acquiring the reputation of reſolution, invents a conference which never paſſed, ſubſtituting *Colonel Wilkes*, in the place of *Doctor Brockleſby*, and adapting circumſtances to that ingenious transformation.

The AUDITOR (whoſe connexions with all the great families in the kingdom give him an opportunity of coming at private anecdotes) heard a plain, ſimple, and unvarniſhed tale; but having been charged by us with want of inven-

invention, determined at once to prove the falſeneſs of that charge and gratify his malice. The decorations of the ſtory therefore we may with much reaſon place to his account. The original falſehood, which was the ground work of all, is perhaps the property of the noble youth; the many incoherent fictions which were raiſed upon it, are probably embelliſhments added by the AUDITOR for his own credit.

Colonel *Wilkes*, conſcious of his own innocence, immediately took the alarm: he made a public declaration of his innocence; he called upon the AUDITOR, but in vain, to bring proofs of his aſſertion; he appealed to Sir *Francis Daſhwood*, with relation to his behaviour to the gentleman ſome months ſince; he called upon Doctor *Brockleſby* to declare what he knew of it, who with all that honeſt readineſs which became a man of honour, not only exculpated him, but gave a probable account of the riſe of the fable; he even dared, which nothing but conſcious innocence would have dared, to appeal to the bookſeller who lived on the very ſpot, who was declared by the young gentleman himſelf, to have been preſent during the converſation, and who in the ſtrongeſt terms bore witneſs to the falſehood of the charge; and laſtly he begged, which

I think

I think he had a right to infiſt on, to have a perſonal meeting, and to be brought face to face with his accuſer. But this the *prudent Maſter* thought fit to refuſe. It doth not appear indeed, either from *Colonel Wilkes*'s letter to Dr. *Burton* or from his anſwer, that any reaſons were given for that refuſal. I muſt however have too good an opinion of a gentleman, placed at the head of *Winchester* ſchool, to think that he acted without reaſon; his very ſituation implies *underſtanding*, though we have *formerly* met with ſome inſtances where it did not include *integrity*. The intereſt of his ſchool, as well as the honour of his pupil, ſeem to exact a very different behaviour from that which the Doctor purſued, and yet I cannot believe that a maſter of *Winchester* ſchool could act without reaſon. I am afraid indeed, that in theſe conſiderations I have overlooked the moſt material point, and thinking only of public concerns have forgot that the Doctor had a private intereſt of his own, which, however, I have a ſaving faith, the Doctor will never forget. He will ever diſtinguiſh between perſons in, and out of power; between a Colonel engaged in the barren cauſe of Liberty almoſt alone, and a favourite with a troop of flaviſh courtiers at his heels, and biſhopricks at his command. Motives of this kind prevented the clearing

clearing up this, as they have many other affairs of a like nature, and such considerations prevailed, for such only they could be, as interest might suggest, but honour would always despise.

## Numb. XXII. Saturday, Oct. 30, 1762.

Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ. HOR.

Words void of sense, high wrought with trifling sounds.

AS our attention to the AUDITOR hath too often drawn us from our original design, and considerations of a public nature have been suspended for matters of private concern, we shall once more trespass on our political reader, though with much better reason, and introduce to his acquaintance those muses, whom modern bards have taught us to consider as strangers to every thing which passes in the world, as exiles from the cabinet, and fit only to wander in shady groves and flowery meads. The *gentleman to whom we are obliged for the following poem, seems to think very differently; and as we know no one who is better acquainted with those ladies than himself, we

* *Robert Lloyd*, Esq.

shall

ſhall certainly pay great reſpect to his judgment, eſpecially when we have ſo good a proof of it, as that which we now preſent to the public.

It hath always been cuſtomary, and never with greater reaſon than at preſent, to conſider *the birth of a prince* as a national bleſſing, as a cement of love and duty betwixt the king and his people, and a pledge of their future happineſs to ſucceeding ages. In conſequence of this opinion we always find addreſſes flying on ſuch occaſions to the throne from every part of the nation, aſſurances of fidelity and proteſtations of joy are given in all the pomp of laboured language, and with all that awful form which ſuch a ſolemnity requires. The common dull multitude are contented with humble proſe, and ſatisfied if they ſpeak ſo as to be underſtood, and to expreſs the warmth and ſincerity of their affection; but from our two univerſities, thoſe ſeminaries of true virtue and ſound learning, thoſe bright and glorious luminaries of the literary world, ſomething more is required, ſomething of a ſublimer nature, ſomething which may ſhew their ſuperiority over the vulgar herd, and for this end the muſes are called in to conſecrate their offerings.

On theſe occaſions we have often ſeen, and not without great concern, whole pages together

gether cold and fulſome; the dull mechanical part of *verſemanſhip* indeed is found, but the ſpirit of true poetry is wanting; and, every thing conſidered, how ſhould it be otherwiſe? In one of theſe ſeats of learning, the muſes are looked on with an evil eye, and in *both* perſons are from ſituation compelled to write, who are chilled by age, who either were never acquainted with poetry at all, or have for many years bid adieu to it. Hence, and for ſome other reaſons, which our reader's penetration will naturally ſuggeſt to him, this poetical tribute is ſcarcely worth the acceptance of the prince, and reflects but little credit on that reſpectable body by whom it is preſented. To remedy this is the deſign of the preſent poem, in which the heads of colleges may learn once more the rules of verſes, may ſee and rectify former miſtakes, and make their next offering worthy the acceptance of that great perſonage whom they mean to congratulate.

In ſpite of ſome little ſeverity which our poet ſhews in the following performance, we muſt think his obſervations generally juſt; but there is one thing, which he hath not taken notice of, undoubtedly calculated to give every lover of literature true pleaſure. In theſe collections we often ſee the names of NOBLES affixed to particular copies, and from thence may reſt aſſured

assured either that they have not forgotten to write, or, if they have, are unwilling that the world should know it.

As a NORTH BRITON we cannot help observing the presumption of the poet, who has included our *Scottish* universities, and dared to prescribe rules to men who are fit to give law to the world, ignorantly considering our great seminaries as on a footing with those antiquated names, OXFORD and CAMBRIDGE. Our taste for poetry is well known, and such performances we could produce as would stagger credibility. We must caution our reader therefore to consider every thing in the following piece which is pointed against the *Scots*, as the effects of prejudice and poetical fiction; and to justify him in this opinion we shall hereafter, in a dearth of politics, present him with some compositions lately transmitted to us from that nation, which will shew them as far superior to the English in poetry, as in every other respect.

## THE POETRY PROFESSORS.

OLD ENGLAND has not lost her pray'r,
And GEORGE the good has got an heir.
A royal babe, a PRINCE of WALES.
—Poets! I pity all your nails—

What

What reams of paper will be ſpoil'd !
What *graduſes* be daily foil'd
By inky fingers, greaſy thumbs,
Hunting the word that never comes !
Now *Academies* pump their wits,
And laſh in vain their lazy *tits* ;
In vain they whip, and laſh, and ſpur,
The callous jades will never ſtir ;
Nor can they reach *Parnaſſus'* hill,
Try every method which they will.
Nay, ſhou'd the tits get on for once,
Each rider is ſo grave a dunce,
That, as I've heard good judges ſay,
It's ten to one they'd loſe their way.
Tho' not one wit beſtrides the back
Of uſeful drudge, yclepad hack,
But *fine bred things* of *mottled blood*,
Pick'd from *Apollo's* royal *ſtud*,
*Greek*, *Roman*, nay *Arabian* ſteeds,
Or thoſe our mother country breeds;
Some ride ye *in*, and ride ye *out*,
And to come *home* go round *about*,
Nor on the green ſward, nor the road,
And that I think they call an ODE.
Some take the pleaſant country air,
And ſmack their whips and drive a pair,
Each horſe with bells which chink and chime,
And ſo *they* march—and that is *rhime*.

Some copy with prodigious ſkill
The figures of a *buttery-bill*,
Which with great folks of erudition
Shall paſs for *Coptic* or *Phœnician*.
While ſome, as *patriot* love prevails,
To compliment a Prince of *Wales*,
Salute the royal babe in Welſh,
And ſend forth *gutturals* like a belch.
What pretty things imagination
Will fritter out in adulation!
The *Pagan* gods ſhall viſit earth
To triumph in a *Chriſtian*'s birth.
While *claſſic* poets, pure and chaſte,
Of *trim* and *academic* TASTE,
Shall lug them in by head and ſhoulders,
To be or *ſpeakers*, or *beholders*.
MARS ſhall preſent him with a lance,
To humble *Spain* and conquer *France*;
The GRACES, buxom, blithe, and gay,
Shall at his cradle *dance the Hay*,
And VENUS, with her train of LOVES,
Shall bring a thouſand pair of *doves*,
To bill, to coo, to whine, to ſqueak,
Through all the *dialects* of *Greek*.
How many ſwains of claſſic breed,
Shall *deftly* tune their *oaten* reed,
And bring their *Doric* nymph to town,
To ſing their meaſures *up* and *down*;

In

In notes *alternate*, clear and ſweet,
Like ballad-ſingers in a ſtreet!
While thoſe who graſp at reputation,
From *imitating imitation*,
Shall hunt each cranny, nook, and creek,
For *precious* fragments in the *Greek*,
And *rob the ſpital*, and the *waſte*
For ſenſe, and ſentiment, and taſte.
What Latin *hodge-podge*, Grecian *haſh*,
With Hebrew *roots*, and Engliſh *traſh*,
Shall academic cooks produce
For preſent ſhow, and future uſe!
FELLOWS! who've ſoak'd away their knowledge,
In *ſleepy* reſidence at college,
Whoſe lives are like a ſtagnate pool,
Muddy and placid, dull and cool;
Mere drinking, eating; eating, drinking;
With no impertinence of thinking;
Who lack no farther erudition,
Than juſt to *ſet* an impoſition,
To cramp, demoliſh, and diſpirit,
Each true begotten child of merit;
Cenſors who in the day's broad light
Puniſh the vice they act at night;
Whoſe charity with ſelf begins,
Nor covers others *venial* ſins;
But that their feet may ſafely tread,
Take up hypocriſy inſtead,

As knowing that muſt always hide
A multitude of ſins beſide,
Whoſe ruſty wit is at a ſtand,
Without a *freſhman* at their hand;
(Whoſe ſervice muſt of courſe create
The juſt return of ſev'n-fold hate)
Lord! that ſuch *good* and *uſeful* men
Should ever turn to books agen!
Yet matters muſt be gravely plann'd
And ſyllables on fingers ſcann'd,
And racking pangs rend lab'ring head,
Till Lady Muſe is gone to bed:
What hunting, changing, toiling, ſweating,
To bring the uſeful epithet in!

See No. XXVI.

## Numb. XXIII. Saturday, Nov. 6, 1762.

> Now call we our high court of Parliament,
> And let us chuſe ſuch limbs of noble counſel,
> That the great body of our ſtate may go
> In equal rank with the beſt govern'd nation;
> That war, or peace, or both, at once may be
> As things acquainted or familiar to us.
>
> SHAKESPEARE.

THE name of *Parliaments* is deſervedly dear, and the meeting of them matter of reaſonable joy to every true Engliſhman. The very mention of them recalls to our thoughts the noble ends for which they were eſtabliſhed, and the various means by which, at different times and under different circumſtances, our anceſtors have happily obtained them. What glorious ſtands have they often made for liberty! How reſolutely have they reſiſted, how ſucceſsfully baffled, the daring attempts of arbitrary monſters! How often, and with what perſeverance, have they purſued and brought to juſtice corrupt miniſters, endeavouring in vain to ſcreen themſelves behind the throne! How ready, on the other hand, have we found them to ſupport the dignity and

prerogative of the crown in its due extent! How zealous to forward every good and national deſign! How unanimous in ſtrengthening the hands of an upright adminiſtration! In the laſt point of view only we have had the happineſs to conſider them for ſome years. Bleſt with a king, who, born an Engliſhman, glories in the name, who conſiders the intereſts of his people as his own, who, poſſeſſed of their love, eſteems it the brighteſt jewel in his crown, who approves himſelf the guardian and not the invader of their liberties, the rage of party hath been happily extinguiſhed, and the names by which factions were known are almoſt forgotten. Never did monarch expreſs greater ſatisfaction and confidence in his parliaments, and never had any monarch greater reaſon for it. Notwithſtanding the inſinuations thrown out by ſome peſtilent movers of ſedition, I truſt that in the enſuing, as in preceding parliaments, we ſhall find the ſame good underſtanding and harmony, which alone has been the cauſe of our preſent happineſs, and which alone can render it laſting. The very calling of a parliament is in itſelf a ſymptom of ſanity in our ſtate. It implies either that there are no juſt grounds of complaints, or that, if there are, the prince is ready to hear and to redreſs them, when that reſpecta-

ble

ble body is assembled, who have an immediate right of laying their grievances before the throne.

As our affairs are now situated, when not only our present welfare, but our future prosperity, seems to turn upon a moment, when matters of the most interesting nature call for consideration, when business of the last consequence is to be done, and there is so little time to do it in, I will not, I cannot believe, that even that little shall be made less by the *prorogation** of parliament. Let the enemies of the administration pretend what they will, I must here be an infidel, I must consider it as one of those many lying reports which the sons of sedition industriously propagate, and with which they endeavour to embroil public affairs, merely to serve their private interests. What! on the eve of a peace, and of such a peace as must either establish or ruin us for ever, (for in our present situation, loaded as we are with an enormous debt, there appears no alternative) shall the great council of the nation be postponed? True it is, that although they supply the sinews of the war, they have no right to make peace; but they have an undoubted right of examining into the peace

* The parliament was prorogued to the 25th of November.

when made, and if it ſhall be found diſhonourable and diſadvantageous, a circumſtance well deſerving ſerious conſideration at this time, they have an undoubted right alſo of calling the adviſers of it to a ſevere account. If the peace be ſuch as redounds to the advantage of this nation, no matter by whom it is made. Scot and Engliſhman in that reſpect are the ſame, and matters of leſs conſequence may remain to be debated afterwards at leiſure; but if it ſhall be inadequate to our great ſucceſſes, unequal to thoſe hopes which we have juſtly formed of ſecuring and enlarging our commerce, of ſtraitening the enemy in their marine, and depriving them of thoſe nurſeries of ſeamen, which alone have enabled them to carry on the war, then let the adviſers of it turn back to paſt ages, and, from the examples of others, learn to tremble for themſelves.

If we enquire into the cauſe of that diſſatisfaction which at preſent prevails, and examine the grounds on which the opinion of our having a bad peace is founded, at a time when we have all the right in the world to expect the peace to be good, we ſhall find a diſtruſt of the preſent miniſtry either as to abilities or integrity, or both, to be the real ſource of this diſcontent. The word *favourite* hath been artfully buzzed about to inflame our minds, which,

without

without any comments on it, are apt enough to take fire even at the name. The ideas which an Engliſhman forms on the very mention of that word are ſuch as inſpire him with ſuſpicion: he looks back to paſt times, he there ſees the fatal conſequences which have ariſen, when private affection hath taken the lead of public conſiderations, and he immediately applies it to his own time. However clearly he may ſee the right of the ſovereign to appoint his own ſervants, yet when they are appointed to ſuch offices as are of a public nature, he cannot, nor indeed ought he to be eaſy, if he thinks they are unequal to the places which they fill, and that the nation may be injured by them. As no people ever ſuffered more by favourites, we are the more excuſable if we carry this point to exceſs, if our fears are ſometimes quicker than reaſon warrants, and the event juſtifies: knowing how ſeverely we have ſmarted from their laſh formerly, we figure to our minds the ſame effects now. We are convinced of the truth of Shakeſpeare's obſervation,

That man that ſits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the ſunſhine of his favour,
Would he abuſe the count'nance of the king,
Alack, what miſchiefs might he ſet abroach
In ſhadow of ſuch greatneſs!

Our

Our apprehenſions immediately take the alarm, we fancy ourſelves ready to become woeful inſtances of the influence of a *favourite*; we ſee his power, and we infer his inclination to do evil. Nor are theſe fears leſſened when we conſider the object of them as of a different nation; for, notwithſtanding the Union, the rigid friends of Old England have not yet taught themſelves to conſider the Scots as the ſame people, and to compliment them with their places and preferments with a good grace.

Another cauſe of diſtruſt at this juncture is the influence of Tories turned courtiers. Whilſt we could perceive the Whigs, thoſe old and firm friends of the conſtitution and of the preſent family on the throne, ſtanding in ſome degree of credit, and holding a ſhare in the adminiſtration, we were tolerably eaſy in this reſpect; but now that the face of affairs is changed, and they ſeem to be in diſgrace, on whom ſhall we rely? The *duke of Devonſhire*, deſcended from a family, whoſe actions have done honour to their rank, well known for conſtitutional principles, untainted with baſe conſiderations of intereſt, a ſtranger to factious zeal, of acknowledged underſtanding, integrity and moderation, was to every true lover of his country a rock on which he might with confidence repoſe his truſt, and juſtice might declare

clare that he never would take a part in any action which was contrary to the intereſt of his country, or give the ſanction of his name to countenance a corrupt adminiſtration. The ſecurity we are now deprived of, and him, whom we could with joy and confidence behold at the head of affairs, we ſee diveſted of all authority, but that which his own virtues will always give him. On whom then are we to depend? On thoſe old enemies of liberty, thoſe abettors of arbitrary power, thoſe ſworn foes of our conſtitution, the Tories? Forbid it, heaven! Conſider them as bred up in the rudiments of treaſon, as continuing faſt to the ſame tenets, even after they came to maturity, and were capable of judging for themſelves, as holding their midnight aſſemblies, and ſecretly ſacrificing at the altars of rebellion, as openly ridiculing the family on the throne, thwarting every meaſure taken for its eſtabliſhment, and in the moſt perilous times ſitting down inactive, and with their wiſhes aſſiſting thoſe who aimed at the ruin of the ſtate, and whom they would no doubt have aſſiſted in a more effectual manner, had not fear prevented. Are theſe men to be depended on? Shall we believe that they have changed their way of thinking? We may, when they can ſhew us any good and ſufficient cauſe for ſuch change, and point

out

out the reaſons by which they were convinced. Men of underſtanding quit not rooted opinions, which they have maturely weighed, examined and approved, in which they have perſiſted and juſtified themſelves many years, without ſome ſtrong and very convincing reaſon, which brings truth home then in a manner not to be reſiſted. But what reaſon can they produce, which they had not before tried and rejected? Suſpicion therefore, whether well or ill founded is not the queſtion, will ſuggeſt to us either that they have not changed their opinion, and only pretend it, more eaſily to accompliſh the worſt of purpoſes, or that intereſt alone hath worked the change in them. If the firſt of theſe is the caſe, it is obvious how much they are to be feared; if the laſt, it is plain how little they are to be truſted.

Another, and indeed the ſtrongeſt reaſon for diſtruſt, is a rumour lately ſpread by the emiſſaries of the diſaffected, and too readily received by the multitude, that the chief direction of affairs is to be given into the hands of that perſon whom every man of honour deſpiſes, and every lover of his country is bound to curſe: a rumour, which, if conſidered properly, carries its own refutation along with it! Is it poſſible that we ſhould forget the means by which we were brought to the brink of ruin,

entirely

entirely owing to him? Is it poſſible that we ſhould be ignorant how univerſally he is hated, diſtruſted, and deſpiſed? Can we forget his breaches of private faith, and his abuſes of public truſt? His very enemies allow him great abilities, but will his warmeſt friends ſay that he ever employed them to any good purpoſe? The greatneſs of his underſtanding ſerves only to make the badneſs of his heart more formidable, and to render our apprehenſions of him more terrible. Can we then think ſo meanly of the preſent adminiſtration, as to imagine they will ever join with ſuch a man, much leſs that they will act under his direction? Prejudice itſelf can never believe it of them; and I with much greater pleaſure, and a fuller faith, receive the report, that the adminiſtration of affairs is to be lodged, where every true *Briton* would wiſh it, in the hands of MR. FOX.

Numb. XXIV. Saturday, Nov. 13, 1762.

Et cantare pares, et reſpondere parati. VIRG.

Equal in ſong, and ready to reply.

# DIALOGUE OF THE LIVING.

Between Earl *Buchanan* and Duke *D'Oſſuna*.

*E of B.*

NOW, my Lord, the matter is thus—— Your apprehenſion is very lively, and you will immediately conceive the force of my ſentiments—The nation is in want of a *peace*, and a *peace* it ſhall have, if I have any influence; and your grace, as I mentioned to you within, is the perſon appointed for this glorious work—Your grace's parts, erudition, and extenſive knowledge of the true conſtitution and intereſts of your country, clearly prove you the only perſon fit for ſo great a deſign—and for France, my Lord, more particularly, as your elegant addreſs, the politeneſs of your manners, and your ſkill in——

*D. of O.* I did indeed once learn to dance, my lord; but politics, gravity, ſtate affairs, the

the government of kingdoms, and many other mighty matters, have, I am much afraid, deſtroyed that eaſe and ſprightly facetiouſneſs for which I once was—

*E. of B.* Still, my lord, ſtill publicly confeſſed the politeſt man in the kingdom: but let that paſs—I deteſt flattery, and ſtill will adhere to the honeſt ſincerity of my country—Now to the point, my lord—Your grace is ſenſible that a *peace* is abſolutely neceſſary—that it muſt be had—had on any terms—that the land-tax in particular is abominably heavy, though, thank heaven, your *rebellious, whiggiſh* counties pay by far the greateſt, and moſt burdenſome part—the nation ruined—beggared—undone by her ſucceſſes—France flouriſhing—very flouriſhing---quite inexhauſtible---the king of Pruſſia no ſoldier---a Coſſac---a marauder---poor---very poor---PITT no orator---no ſtateſman---a fellow that preſumes to be a patriot and—

*D. of O.* All theſe points are very clear, my lord---I ſay it---You ſay it---*Dick* bullies *here*, and ſwears to it---What need of farther proof?---But this PITT and his damn'd faction raiſe ſuch diſturbances about the terms of peace, and uſe ſo many far-fetched arguments againſt giving up this, and giving up that---though we do not, yet thoſe fellows in the city require reaſons and proofs---But, my lord, with your inſtructions I will undertake to---

*E. of B.*

*E. of B.* You ſhall have them, my lord; and with them, what may you not undertake? You ſhall have them at full: I have committed them to paper for the inſtruction of future ages---If lord Clarendon had not written, in what darkneſs had we now been! Poſterity ſhall write our panegyric, though faction and mechanics, and low-lived wretches who live by trade decry us---You have heard of the ſugar iſlands, my lord---Martinico, Guadaloupe---

*D. of O.* I was once a great maſter of geography, my lord; but ſtate affairs and politics, and the government of---The inſtructions at large, my lord---

*E. of B.* We have, my lord, in our quixotiſm, conquered ſix or ſeven little iſlands, where they make ſugar and rum and ſuch ſtuff---One was conquered in my time---I am not to be blamed for it---I am not in fault---the turbulent penſioner concerted it, and I could not prevent it---He ſign'd every ſingle order about it---Theſe iſlands are not worth one farthing, if we conſider the real value of things---they increaſe our ſugar-trade; that is granted: but ſugar is a promoter of diſeaſes and luxury ——it makes many of theſe citizens rich and aſſume airs of conſequence; the greateſt of evils! —The great Dr. *Farquharſon* is now writing a folio.

folio to prove it the ſource of all diſorders; gout, ſtone, phthiſic, ſciatica, cholera, hot, cold, wet, and dry diſorders——it is the ſtrangeſt, the vileſt of all compoſitions, filled with all the noxious particles of all the elements, and only capable of giving inſpiration to a *Creolian Lord Mayor*—The ſugar-cane is a paltry plant——Dr. *Hill* only recommends the great virtues of the ſugar-ſtick itſelf, to be drawn out by inward ſuction, and, I own, ſo far nothing in this iſland can equal that plant, but the *Carduus Auguſtæ Benedictus*. Let us therefore give up all the ſugar iſlands to the French; they will grow enervated, and full of all thoſe contradictory, hard-named diſorders, ſo that our poſterity will be able to kick them through the world, if they ſhould ever wink at us.

*D. of O.* Time flies very faſt, and the mighty French peer, my lord——

*E. of B.* I underſtand you, my lord—the reſt of the inſtructions—Now for Canada, a miſerable, wretched country; we muſt keep it; we muſt ſometimes gratify the mobile: they get furs there, my lord—to uſe furs for warmth is ſurely a ſcandalous invention! In Scotland, my lord! we have hardly ſuch a thing: if any lady there be ſo nice as to require artificial warmth, we have cats and dogs for the purpoſe. Thus we encourage our native manufactures; and the

delicious roughneſs of thoſe animals ſkins promotes that friction which---But ſuch delicacy is rarely found in our hardy, naked-thighed country---Let us avert this plague——They ſhall have Louiſiana, a noble country! they ſhall cheat Canada of its fur trade; and thus, without drawing on ourſelves the leaſt odium, we ſhall defeat the malice of our enemies, baniſh this unnatural effeminacy from our nation, and throw it with double weight, in conjunction with pernicious ſugar, on the conſtitutions of our enemies.

*D. of O.* But ſurely, my lord, humanity ſhould prevent——

*E. of B.* They ſhall have them, and they ſhall be crippled with the gout and a legion of other diſorders.——We have ſome provinces in North America inhabited by merchants, planters, and a thouſand various ſpecies of muſhrooms——they are rich——too rich——very rich——their trade promotes ours——they ruin their mother-country---we abound in trade, we muſt clip it, my lord: we muſt act like ſkilful gardeners, and prune the luxuriancies---We ſhall cure this evil alſo; we ſhall leave the French at their back; they will leave them no time to plod on in the inglorious road of riches. Beſides, between you and me, the ſeat of empire may be transferred, if they grow too powerful

powerful and America give laws to the universe---That shall not happen while I am at the helm, if the French incendiaries in their rear are of any effect. It is a great rule in politics, that colonies and dependent countries should be kept poor; not to raise their heads or wag their tongues, lest they should spit at their mother country.

*D. of O.* I am convinced of the justness of such politics: your lordship well knows that was the foundation of my conduct in Ireland, by which I acquired so much glory.

*E. of B.* As the lust of viceroys, my dear lord---Chesterfield was beloved; that is nothing;--- you were reverenced and dreaded. Awe and fear are the real marks of esteem.---Our conquests in the East-Indies signify not a hawbee; spice, chiam, arrack, and all their other commodities are worse than nothing; pimps to luxury and nourishers of wickedness. The East India company indeed may cry out: let them cry out; they are haughty merchants, and too rich already---We will give them all up---Saltpetre is the chief ingredient in gunpowder, gunpowder is used in war, we hate war, therefore we must hate the trade that furnishes us with it; and that trade is the East-India trade, and therefore we must---

*D. of O.* My Lord, the time---

*E. of B.* As I was ſaying---indeed, my lord, you have ſpoiled my argument: quite ſpoiled the connexion---I have been at it all this morning---It is called a Sorites, my lord, and requires infinite clearneſs to deduce ſuch a long chain of---

*D. of O.* The inſtructions, as you ſay, my lord, are pretty long; but I ſhall remember them---We are poor---ruined---beggared---ſugar is---

*E. of B.* I have not been deceived in my choice. Your grace is endued with great quickneſs of penetration---But to recapitulate all---We are ruined and undone; our trade is too great, and our merchants too rich: theſe may ſeem contradictory to the vulgar, my lord, but you ſee clearly the logical diſtinction. We want peace---we muſt have it---The French are inexhauſtible---they will deſtroy us entirely---we ſhall periſh like Pyrrhus or Gaſton de Foix---We are tormented by factions---half the ſubjects of this part of the kingdom are traitors---we nouriſh a brood of vipers in our own boſom---our colonies are too flouriſhing---trade in too great an extent has been our ruin---the Benedictines muſt have their fiſh; aye, and ſo muſt the Bernardines---the French muſt prick the quakers of Penſylvania in the backſide; they muſt, and others

too

too, to baniſh riches and indolence---ſugar, furs, china, arrack, ſaltpetre, ſhall be baniſhed from my commonwealth: I will imitate Plato in this as in other things—theſe are the arguments for our peace, and yet, clear as they are, theſe cockneys will preſume to controvert and examine them—O! that I muſt be doomed to watch over the caprices of furriers, ſugar-boilers, cod-merchants, planters, rum-diſtillers, freighters, importers, and haughty *Eaſt India* directors!

*D. of O.* I am perſuaded, my lord, when they hear theſe arguments ſo clearly ſtated, not one of them will murmur—they know their own intereſts, and muſt be convinced how ſafe they will be in your hands---

*E. of B.* My lord, you revive me—I began to have a little fit of the ſpleen, and to think of ſome unlucky conſequences which may attend---but, my lord duke, they are not blind ---they muſt, as you ſay, ſee their own intereſts---when this hurry is over, how happy ſhall we be in recapitulating theſe matters--- I once had a deſign---and ſtill will purſue--- *Grotius* was a foreign fellow, who wrote about war and peace---ſhall we not join, my lord, ---after your return, when this negotiation ſhall prove to the world our political talents, ſhall we not ſit down and confute the blockhead?

---Our

---Our *De Jure belli & pacis* ſhall live for ages, and be the teſt of true policy for our poſterity.

*D. of O.* Your lordſhip may expect my aſſiſtance in every thing---Grotius is an ignorant puppy---one of the king of Pruſſia's privy counſellors, or ſome of his dirty hackney-writers, I preſume---it is a nation of ignorance!

*E. of B.* My lord, it is time to depart---The *family compact* is nothing to us ---three or four gentlemen of the firſt quality in Europe, and near relations, take it into their heads to be alſo very ſtrict friends---nothing to us-- as to the little trifling ſpots of the globe, Senegal, Minorca, Goree, Belleiſle, &c. we may keep ſome of them, it ſignifies not which---the reſt are intirely at your ſervice to diſpoſe of---remember, my lord,---trade the bane of our nation!

*D. of O.* I ſhall remember, my lord—we ſhall not be overburdened---your lordſhip's moſt humble ſervant.

END OF VOL. I.